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WITH SUPPLEMENT: THE CHICAGO
AND FIRE PRECAUTIONS.

A PENCE.

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THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT TO THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE AT CHATSWORTH: THE TORCHLIGHT WELCOME TO THE PEAK DISTRICT, JANUARY 4.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CHATSWORTH.

The royal visitors on approaching Chatsworth drove through an avenue of flame formed by more than three hundred torches.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A Russian editor has made the significant remark that the threatened war in the Far East may not resemble some modern wars in point of duration. For more than forty years the world has witnessed a series of short wars, with two exceptions—the Civil War in America and the long struggle in South Africa. Moreover, there was something like finality in all of them. France, no doubt, has not resigned the hope of recovering her lost provinces; but they have been lost for three-and-thirty years, and no cloud of menace hangs over the Rhine. In the Far East, however, the possibilities of prolonged and indecisive conflict are grave. Prince Mestchersky does not believe that victory on either side would remain unchallenged. If the fortune of war should incline to Japan, Russia, with her enormous stake, could not accept defeat. If the Russians were victorious, for how long would the Japanese submit to this single stroke of fate? Will the inertia of China prove enduring, or will she organise her big battalions at last, and throw them into a racial strife far more formidable than any that Asia has yet seen?

These things are not overlooked here, although there are people who suspect their countrymen of an incurable levity which craves for a gigantic war as a mere spectacle. I see no trace of this in public opinion. As a stimulant, war lost its novelty in South Africa. I question whether there is much relish for it now. Besides, we should not exactly enjoy the security of spectators at football. England's political relations with Japan are so close that it is not easy to distinguish between an attitude of "strict neutrality" and that of judicious bottle-holder. In Europe the international scales are so well balanced that nobody wants to throw in a sword; but in the Far East there are no scales, no weights and measures, only primitive instincts, eager for a trial of strength. For three years we had an intricate controversy over principles and facts; but between Russia and Japan the controversy is reduced to the simplest elements. It is a clash of ambitions, as little disguised as if they were in the Middle Ages. Nothing more remote from the spirit of the Hague Tribunal could be imagined; and yet by a grim touch of irony we are reminded that it was the Czar who called upon the nations to disarm.

Who says that fairy tales never come true? Is it not written in the chronicles of the wizards that the streets of London are paved with gold? Hitherto we have regarded that as a fantasy for children; yet it is actually transcended by the scientific facts. For many years before radium was dreamt of, it was thrown into dust-heaps, and mixed with the concrete in street pavements, so that we are now walking on a metal far more precious than gold. If those dust-heaps had only been explored by some astute rag-picker! How he would have smiled at the treasure-seekers who study serial stories for clues to banknotes hidden in gaspipes! Science has put all your romantics to shame. But it is a blow to poetry to learn that cows are now milked by electricity. You may see a photograph of the process in the public prints, the cows taking it like lambs. Where is the maiden all forlorn who milked the cow with the crumpled horn? Forlorn she should be; as for the cow with the crumpled horn, I am amazed at her submission. If any town-bred gallant meets a dairymaid now, and inquires where she is going, I suppose she spoils a quotation by answering, "'I'm going to look after the electrical apparatus for milking, Sir,' she said."

Herbert Spencer liked to have novels read to him; but he would not allow any novelist to be a philosopher, and when the reader came to analytical or descriptive passages the listening sage would cry, "Skip, skip!" I wonder what he would have said to this account of a dinner which I find in a contemporary romance: "To a soup, clear, but if anything insufficiently salted, and during the absorption of which very little was said, succeeded a boiled turbot, where sauce, a mixture of butter and of flour, was handed noiselessly from out the surrounding darkness by a man-servant other than he who poured at intervals of due length, and at the personal choice of each, hock or claret." This gem of prose, I think, would at once have seized Herbert Spencer's attention. "Out of the surrounding darkness," I can hear him comment, "flashes this luminous picture. But if during the absorption of the soup very little was said, why not have dropped salt into it and said nothing? Why was boiled turbot a spot 'where sauce was handed noiselessly'? Is sauce ever handed to the sound of trumpets? And what was specially noteworthy in the mixture of butter and of flour? Cream and hair-powder might have been a sauce worth mentioning."

Imagine the philosopher pausing, and the reader continuing: "Both these administrators, and yet a third, who would occasionally appear and pass out again through the immense portals, secretly astounded

Mr. B— by the perfection of their training and the singular dignity of their demeanour; nor could he doubt that their features, though difficult to discern beyond the circle of light which fell upon the table, corresponded with their other characteristics." It is said that Herbert Spencer had a perfectly serene expression when he was thinking: it was so easy for him. But I see the slightest possible wrinkle on his brow as he murmurs: "The perfection of their training! One of them poured out hock or claret at the personal choice of each. Then the third man did not get any; nor did the guests. Two of the servants consumed the hock or claret with singular dignity, and the features of all three corresponded with their other characteristics. I am glad you did not skip that. I understand now what some of my critics have said—that my researches in sociology were incomplete."

Mr. Edmund Gosse has been explaining in the *Times*, for the benefit of French critics, that the intellectual interests of this country are not indicated by the contents-bills of the evening papers. Learned Frenchmen imagine, because the "football edition" made no mention of Herbert Spencer's death, that we must be a very light-minded people. A subtler form of error has alarmed the readers of the *National Review*. They are warned that the friendly relations between England and France may be ruined by British manners. The recent visit of our Parliamentarians to France has probably destroyed the *entente cordiale* already. To a Frenchman our behaviour in society is "wholly incomprehensible and painfully shocking"; and when the M.P.s and their families were in France they represented that behaviour, so to speak, in the "lump."

"The poor, in the lump, is bad," said the Northern Farmer. So, alas! appears to be the M.P., in the eyes of our polished neighbours. Can he truthfully say that, when he took his leave of a French hostess, he kissed her hand? This, it seems, is the supreme test of breeding, at least when a man is comparatively young. He must not shake a lady's hand; that is an "impertinence." Now I have a painful suspicion that the M.P., even if he had an inkling of this, did not venture to kiss any lady's hand. How explain this act of gallantry to his wife, who was looking on? How convince her that the kiss was diplomacy, not devotion? According to the *National* reviewer, the two peoples are "placed morally so far apart" that a good understanding is imperilled by "personal contact." Can you wonder? And yet there may be Parisian circles of fair repute which the M.P. may enter without being required to kiss any fair hands. Is it possible that even the French Deputy frequently shakes these hands instead of kissing them?

I understand now why M. Delcassé has gone to the Riviera, despite the rather critical state of Far Eastern affairs. He wants to keep the numerous English visitors under observation, and to make sure that their card-cases are in constant use. It seems that the "typical" Briton, when he dines in a French house, after offending the company in various ways goes off "without saying good-bye to his host and hostess, and crowns all his misdemeanours by forgetting to leave a card next day or pay his *visite de digestion*." Be sure that M. Delcassé, with his consummate tact, is scattering useful hints at Nice and Monte Carlo. When that careless friend of ours, who lounges in for dinner half an hour late, talks to one woman all the evening, swaggers out without noticing his hostess, and is seen no more until (strange to say) he is invited again—when he returns from the Riviera you will see a surprising improvement. He will mention confidentially that he met Delcassé—"awfully good chap; very keen on the *entente cordiale*"; says the way to keep it up is to kiss the women's hands in France, and be extra polite to the mothers-in-law. He will leave a card next day, and drop in for tea the day after.

It is idle to pretend that, in social gifts, we can bear comparison with the French. But I hope it is not true that the British tourist, grievous as his shortcomings may be, is still capable of "boasting to his fireside friends that he has run a tilt against every prejudice, practice, principle, and idiosyncrasy that he found among the unfortunate people he came in contact with." It would be a happy idea to restore the passport system, and to refuse a passport for France to every man who was unable to satisfy the Foreign Secretary that he was always punctual for dinner, and never left the house without saying good-bye. Doubtful cases might be secretly communicated to M. Delcassé, who would place the suspects under surveillance by asking them to dine. Any international dispute arising out of their behaviour should not come under the new Arbitration Treaty, for how could we question the supreme right of France to be her own arbiter in such a cause? But there is always a danger that Britons, who never, never, never will be slaves, may resent French etiquette as a tyranny, and so ignite the almost extinct fires of hereditary animosities.

PROGRESS OF THE FISCAL CAMPAIGN.

The event of the week is the publication of the telegrams exchanged by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Deakin. Mr. Deakin, on behalf of the Federal Government, formally invited Mr. Chamberlain to visit Australia. "No one could so effectively impress upon our citizens broad views of the beneficial influence of those commercial relations which it is your aim to establish between the several parts of the Empire, making for their development, and the stability of the whole." Mr. Deakin concluded by assuring to Mr. Chamberlain "a unanimous and enthusiastic welcome in all the States of Australia." Mr. Chamberlain acknowledged the importance of the invitation, for which he was "deeply grateful," but pointed out that in the present stage of the "great campaign for the unity of the Empire," his efforts were needed at home. He did not doubt that the Motherland would be "ready to meet in no grudging spirit all proposals for strengthening the bonds between us." "But until her mandate has been given, I cannot leave for a lengthened absence." Mr. Chamberlain expressed the hope that at no distant time he would have the opportunity of visiting Australia, and meanwhile he accepted the message of the Commonwealth Government as a "great encouragement."

Mr. Charles Booth, who is a member of the Tariff Commission, contributes to the *National Review* an article in which he expounds a scheme of Protection differing considerably from Mr. Chamberlain's. Mr. Booth proposes a five per cent. duty on all foreign imports, and a ten per cent. duty on imports from countries which refuse to make commercial treaties with us. Mr. Frederic Harrison has enlivened the flow of statistics by denouncing Mr. Chamberlain's policy as an appeal to everything that is "selfish and sordid, braggart and combative," and Mr. Chamberlain himself as "a tawdry charlatan and an impudent demagogue."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

MACEDONIAN PICTURES AT THE ALHAMBRA.

Extremely interesting, in consideration of the political tension which still exists in the Balkans, is the new feature of the Alhambra Theatre's programme—to wit, a series of animated pictures illustrating the Macedonian and Bulgarian insurrection. For the most part, the biograph speaks for itself, and seems to suggest that its owner has been in many hot corners; but there is also a lecturer on the Alhambra stage to explain any obscurity in the views. We see Bulgarian girls performing prettily their national dance in picturesque gala attire, and we watch in grim contrast miserable Macedonian refugees seeking refuge in a monastery. Finally, after being shown a frontier outpost, we are plunged into the midst of skirmishers, and observe Turks and insurgents falling wounded or dead, and wonder how the biograph escaped the bullets of the combatants.

"LOOPING THROUGH SPACE," AT THE EMPIRE.

What with the exhibitions described as "looping the loop" and "flying the flume," music-hall audiences have grown almost hardened to the most startling bicycle-feats. But at the Empire Theatre just now Mr. Barber is going one better than any of his predecessors in a perilous performance, which he calls "looping through space." Rushing down the customary inclined plane, the cyclist makes his way head downwards round a circular track some twenty feet or so in diameter (out of which a section eighteen feet long has been removed), jumps the gap, and completes his circle safely. On Monday night he encountered a slight accident, colliding with a water-bucket when his journey was ended out of sight of the audience, but his dangerous task he accomplished quite successfully. Besides this thrilling and therefore very popular "sensation," the Empire bill can boast of the clever juggling tricks of Severus Schaffer (blindfold for the occasion), the pleasant illusions of Carl Hertz, and several other "variety turns," including animated pictures, as well as its centrepiece, "Vineland."

MUSIC.

The usual New Year's Day performance of the "Messiah" by the Royal Choral Society at the Albert Hall was of striking excellence. The soloists were Mesdames Clara Butt and De Vere and Messrs. Watkin Mills and Lloyd Chandos. Sir Frederick Bridge again gave the original Handelian accompaniments with magnificent effect. But might he not, for purposes of educative contrast, revert to the Mozartian additions at Easter?

Queen's Hall Orchestra, although it lacked its conductor, Mr. Henry Wood, drew a large and appreciative audience on the afternoon of New Year's Day. Mr. Wood is in New York fulfilling an engagement with the Philharmonic Society. The bâton was entrusted to Mr. Emil Paur, who has several times before conducted this same orchestra. Mr. Emil Paur has marked individuality, and a genius for control which, with the really beautiful material he had to work upon, produced delightful results.

The concert began with the "Leonora Overture" No. 3 of Beethoven, the brilliant scale passages of which were commendably executed. The Symphony in C minor of Beethoven was even better given, and its interpretation at the hands of Mr. Emil Paur excited general approbation. The concert proceeded with many favourite selections.

It was before an enthusiastic audience on Dec. 29, at the People's Palace, Mile End Road, that Mary Anderson (Madame de Navarro) made her reappearance after fifteen years' retirement from public life. For a great and deserving charity, "The Sick and Suffering Poor of the East End," was she persuaded to do this, and she gave her services charmingly and gracefully. The vast audience especially showed their appreciation of her talent in the "Balcony Scene" from "Romeo and Juliet," and in her delightful and natural singing of "The Throstle" and "The Land of the Almond-Blossom," in both of which songs she was accompanied by the composer, Miss Maude Valerie White. Madame Kirkby Lunn sang twice, and was encored. Father Bernard Vaughan, the Jesuit, and brother to the late Cardinal, gave an address in which he appealed to the West End to bridge over the chasm between the east and the west. On the following afternoon, Dec. 30, in response to Father Bernard Vaughan's invitation, four thousand children of the poor assembled in the great hall, when Madame de Navarro, with further generosity, again appeared and sang duets with her husband, M. de Navarro. The two days, Dec. 29 and 30, in the year 1903, will be memorable to the people of the East End.

THE WINTER ACADEMY.

This winter is marked in the history of Burlington House as the winter of the worst exhibition in a series of thirty-five. Year by year, as the private galleries of England yielded their treasures, we thought them inexhaustible; Italy, Holland, Spain, and our own eighteenth century at home had so filled them from the abundance of splendid production that when half a score of magnificent Rembrandts had delighted us in one January, another equal half-score were ready for the next. Velasquez followed Velasquez; Moroni, Moroni; and the Venetians seemed to have ripened their colour in the sun of the lagoons for the express purpose of gilding the gloom of London in January. At last, it seems, the sources are failing. We wish that we could have the thirty-four other exhibitions over again, and that the present one had never been held. For it is deplorably poor. The best programme for the Academy would now be a series of collections of the great schools, for which the obliging owners might be asked to repeat their former loans for a special purpose.

The *clou* of the present show is the work of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and the English artists "recently deceased" (it has become customary to offer the homage of a small posthumous exhibition to such late members of the Academy) are Wells, Horsley, Onslow Ford, and Harry Bates. Being busy about the rather dreary time represented by Wells and Horsley, the council have included, in a half-hearted manner, something of Sidney Cooper's, of Bough's, and of Sir Francis Grant's—a little of each, and exhibited, shall we say, unobtrusively? By the work of Grant—deplorable in the sense of art—we are reluctantly reminded of the painful days when high and wide space was occupied by hounds, stags in air, men in pink, and glossy horses. A grotesque recollection of this unregretted art is supplied by the preservation of a sacred relic of one Goosey, the Belvoir huntsman. Not only is his portrait and the portrait of the first whip and the second whip preserved to immortality, but Goosey's horn is affixed to the frame by means of wire.

For the rest, the true examples of old painters are extraordinarily poor; and the spurious examples, or copies, are extraordinarily bad. Between the genuine poverty and the almost impudent imitations, the spectator has a melancholy time. Exceptions are few. We may name the small series of Venetian pictures lent by Lord Methuen, which, though not high specimens of the art of Veronese, are rich and beautiful bits of colour. The "Donor under the Protection of St. Clement" is an old and interesting piece of work of unknown authorship lent by Mr. Edgar Salting. Mr. Warren's Filippino Lippi—a "Holy Family with St. Margaret"—is a fine and charming example of the Florentine master. The Marquis of Northampton contributes a good Giorgione—"Young Man with Hand on Skull"—a Vandyck portrait of Charles I., a charming little Titian, and a splendid Rembrandt, which was, if we remember right, at the Spanish Exhibition in the Guildhall, and looked even more masterly there, owing, perhaps, to some defect of light at the Academy.

Among the landscapes stands conspicuous a great blatant "Rubens," which Rubens himself affirmed to be by another painter, Verhulst. It is a view from a mountain height of the Escorial and the country beyond

under thick beds of cloud. Lord Radnor, the owner, publishes the fact of the disclaimer of Rubens, who probably supplied the painter with a sketch. A much more interesting landscape is the very beautiful "Verona" of Canaletto, lent by Lord Powis, a work of finer quality, perhaps, than any other of the many examples of this master in English galleries. The picture is full of atmosphere and fine colour, and has all Canaletto's beautiful surface in the rows of riverside houses, on one side in clear light, on the other in a peculiarly fresh and pleasant shadow. It is quite distinctly a portrait of a place, and the detail may seem prosaic to eyes accustomed to the vagueness of modern work; but the "Verona" is in every essential a picture and a work of art.

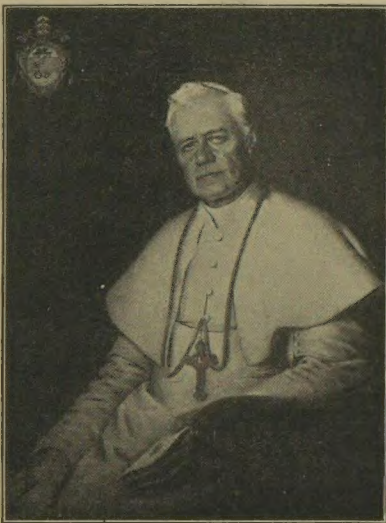
The poor representation of the English school is not helped by the puzzling "Marquis of Granby," the property of Mr. Wertheimer. At a first glance, the picture seems to have nothing of Sir Joshua Reynolds, but on longer inspection we are willing to admit that the lower background to the left and parts of the uniform might have been by his hand. How unlike him, nevertheless, is the sky (what Sir Joshua thought of a portrait sky may be seen in Mrs. Henry Silvertop's beautiful "Portrait of Sir Charles Englefield"), and how unlike the horse! If the face is his, so is certainly not the top of the bald head. Perhaps the man who painted the horse had to paint or repaint this head to which the horse makes a background. Seldom have we seen a worse Romney than the "Portrait of Lady Drummond and her Sister," and a merely inferior Romney is something very bad. Far are the days when we went to the Winter Academy as to an Academy banquet indeed!—W. M.

AT THE BOOKSELLERS.

- The Saints in Christian Art.* Mrs. A. Bell. (Bell. 14s.)
Critical Papers in Literature. W. M. Thackeray. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d.)
Children of the Tenements. Jacob A. Riis. (Macmillan. 6s.)
The Face in the Mirror. Helen Mathers. (Digby Long. 3s. 6d.)
Michel Angelo. Edward C. Strutt. (Bell. 1s.)
As the Sparks Fly Upward. Dora Sigerson Shorter. (De la More Press. 2s. 6d.)
Browning's Essay on Shelley. Edited, with Introduction, by Richard Garnett. (De la More Press. 2s. 6d.)
A Queen of Tears: Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark and Princess of Great Britain. W. H. Wilkins. Two vols. (Longmans, Green. 36s.)
Memoirs of Anna Maria Wilhelmina Pickering. Spencer Pickering, F.R.S. (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.)

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE ROYAL VISIT
TO CHATSWORTH.

The visit of the King and Queen to the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Chatsworth House, the historic Palace of the Peak, of which "Leviathan" Hobbes,



A NIECE OF THE GREAT NAPOLEON: THE LATE PRINCESS MATHILDE BUONAPARTE.

After a Painting by Doucet.

despairing of giving "account of everything throughout," wrote—

For should I undertake
To show what 'tis doth them so glorious make,
The pictures, sculptures, carving, graving, gilding,
'Twould be as long in writing as in building,

was made the occasion for a welcome almost mediæval in its magnificence—a welcome worthy to rank with that princely hospitality offered to their Sovereigns by the courtiers of the days of "silken dalliance," if at the same time a little suggestive of the pyrotechnic festivities chiefly associated with the monarchs of the East. The passage through the avenue of torches borne by the Duke's retainers was decidedly mediæval; the illumination of the house and of the great fountain before the façade, and the shower of rockets—for which precedent is found in the visit paid by Queen Victoria some sixty years ago—were as distinctly Oriental. In contrast, it was arranged that the amateur theatricals, for which Thursday and Friday evenings were set apart, should strike an essentially modern note, and abound in the topical allusions dear to both amateur and professional comedians.

THE LATE
PRINCESS MATHILDE.

Her Imperial Highness Mathilde Letitia Wilhelmina, daughter of Jerome, King of Westphalia, by the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg, who died on Jan. 2, was the last survivor of the nephews and nieces of the great Napoleon, and sister to "Plon-Plon." Born at Trieste on May 27, 1820, five years after the fall of the Empire, when her father was a wanderer over Europe, she returned to Paris after the establishment of the Second Empire, and in her salon, second only to that of the Empress, foregathered the greatest men in French political, literary, and artistic life. She was for long, as she herself grimly enough put it on her death-bed, an anachronism; but she was a splendid anachronism, a wonderful link between the fateful times of the First Empire and Republican France of to-day. Little known to the majority of Parisians, and little liked by them, she was yet recognised as a woman of great, if

somewhat caustic wit, and was at least held in esteem by President Loubet, who sent a special messenger to make inquiries at her house every day during her last illness. Her marriage was unfortunate. Her cousin, the future Napoleon III., fell in love with her, but, for some reason never satisfactorily explained, his mother forbade the match. The Czar Nicholas was credited with a scheme to wed her to his son and successor. In 1840, however, she married Prince Demidoff, a Russian of great wealth. During the honeymoon the Prince and Princess caused their clasped hands to be carved in marble, with the inscription "For Ever," but the caprice of fate soon nullified the sentiment. Princess Mathilde was the last of the Bonapartes to whom the title "Altesse Imperiale" attached.

THE FAR EASTERN
QUESTION.

A report from St. Petersburg, published in Cologne, states that the Czar held an important Council on Jan. 3. At that meeting it was believed that a definite decision was arrived at as to the reply to be returned to the last Japanese Note. It was stated at the same time that the reply had been so framed as to make possible a peaceful solution of the difficulty even at the eleventh hour. This more cheerful view, however, found no echo at Tokyo, where there was a great fall in stocks and a prevailing impression that important movements were at hand. There is as yet no official announcement that the Russian reply has been received, and it has been emphatically denied that Japan had given the Northern Power a time limit. The answer is believed to avoid a categorical denial or acceptance, and to set before Japan a series of "reasoned proposals" calculated, the pessimists think, to draw Japan on to the commission of some act which might be regarded as a *casus belli*. Japan is understood to have claimed from Russia an engagement to

consent to share Korea with her rival. For her ever-growing population she demands an outlet, and Korea is, in her opinion, the most suitable area for such an extension of her empire. She further points out that Korea is incapable of maintaining internal order and good government, and that the task of so doing naturally falls to her. Russia, on the other hand, cannot retire from Manchuria without a serious loss of



Photo, Wilcomb and Son, Yeovil.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT C. A. W. AMYATT-BURNEY.

KILLED IN NORTHERN NIGERIA.

prestige, and the firmness and resolution of both Powers seem now to render remote the possibility of a peaceful settlement. That such a consummation is devoutly wished by the Czar cannot be doubted, but his Imperial Majesty recognises limits to his absolute authority.

RUSSIAN PLEDGES.

There are some simple-minded persons in the Russian service. They really imagine that the world is taken in by assurances flagrantly opposed to the facts. They circulate elaborate statements through the Press of Europe and America. In one of these documents it is asserted that Russia has given no "written pledges" to evacuate Manchuria, but has merely indicated her general amiability in "friendly conversation." The truth is that Russia, by diplomatic declaration of the most explicit character, fixed Oct. 8 of last year for this evacuation. She even began to move her troops, and having performed this solemn farce, coolly marched them back again. Nobody has ever believed that she would quit Manchuria; and why she goes on making promises with not the smallest intention of keeping them is a mystery. Her agents pretend that she has just as much right to control Manchuria as the Americans have to control Panama. There is the trifling difference that America has not occupied Panama with a military force under a pledge of evacuation; also that no other Power disputes the right of America to make her Canal and keep guard on it. Among the gems of the Slav mind is the statement of a Russian naval officer that Russia sank her fleet in 1854 to save it from capture, and continued the struggle for five years. The notion that the Crimean War lasted from 1854 to 1859 is not, we hope, a good sample of education in the Russian Navy.

THE LATE LIEUTENANT AMYATT-BURNEY. Lieutenant Cyril Amyatt Wise Amyatt-Burney, killed while on duty with the expedition that left Deckina, Northern Nigeria, on Dec. 7 of last year with the object of reinstating the King of Ankina, who had been ousted by a usurper, was

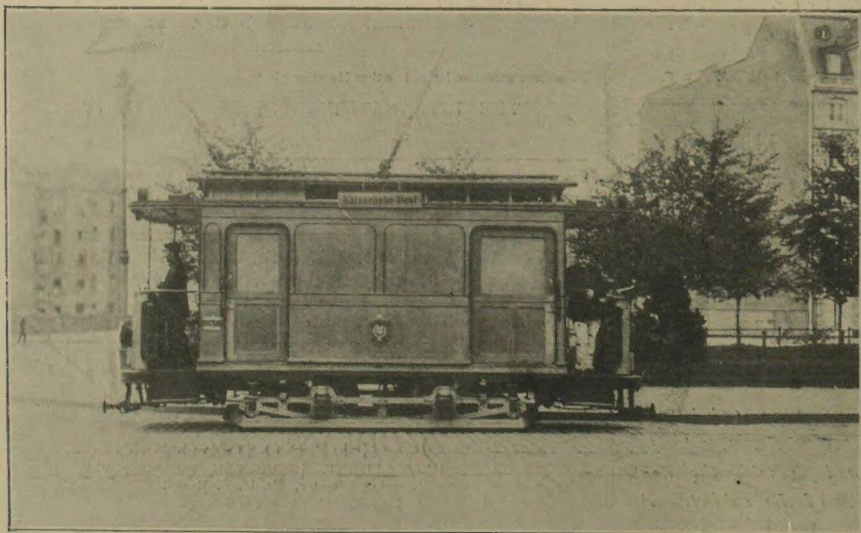


Photo, Muller.

A MONUMENT TO A CARD GAME: THE SKAT FOUNTAIN AT ALTENBURG.

"Skat," a German variety of whist, originated in Altenburg among the Wendish peasantry, and has been played from time immemorial. On the top of the monument, recently erected, is carved a group of peasant-players in ancient costumes. From the mouths of two pigs, signifying luck, come streams of water.

respect the integrity of Korea and Manchuria, with due recognition of the rights of the two negotiating Powers in these countries—that is, of Japan in Korea and of Russia in Manchuria. Equal facilities for the commerce of all nations are also required. Japan is resolutely determined not to be overshadowed by a great Russian naval base on the Korean coast, nor would she



ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS AS A POSTAL AUXILIARY IN FRANKFORT.

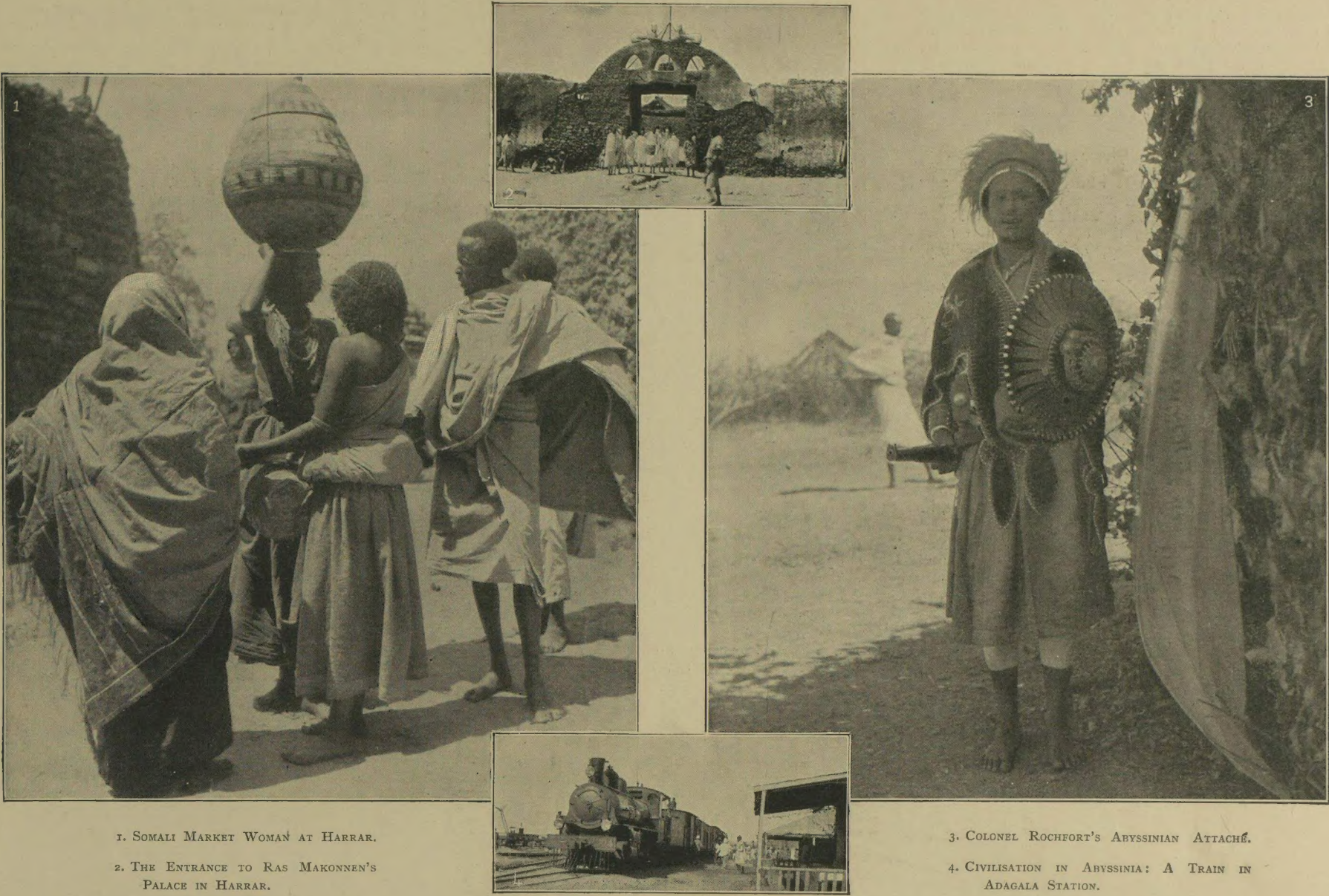
The Frankfort postal authorities have connected the existing street tramway-lines with short branch lines leading to the General Post-Office and to the railway-station. On these they run their own specially built electric cars, which carry ten times as much as a two-horse post-car at a much higher speed.



Photo, Branger.

COLONEL RENARD'S MOTOR-TRAIN: THE SUCCESSFUL STREET TRIALS IN PARIS.

The train was photographed in the Avenue Rapp. It fulfilled all expectations, and each vehicle as it turned the corners described a uniform curve, which is one of the great advantages of the system of coupling. The trials took place on December 29.



1. SOMALI MARKET WOMAN AT HARRAR.

2. THE ENTRANCE TO RAS MAKONNEN'S PALACE IN HARRAR.

3. COLONEL ROCHEFORT'S ABYSSINIAN ATTACHÉ.

4. CIVILISATION IN ABYSSINIA: A TRAIN IN ADAGALA STATION.

THE COUNTRY OF OUR ALLIES IN THE SOMALI CAMPAIGN: TYPICAL SCENES AND FIGURES IN ABYSSINIA.



CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM: A CHARACTERISTIC STREET SCENE.

In Bethlehem, Christmas is observed according to the calendar of the Greek Church, which still retains the Old Style and reckons its dates twelve days later than ours. Both for Christmas and Easter, Jerusalem is thronged with pilgrims. It was reported that the Czar hoped to announce on January 7, this year's Greek Christmas, that peace was assured.

twenty-five years of age, and held the post of District Superintendent of Police for the Bassa Province. For this post he gained practical experience in the Glamorgan-shire Constabulary. During the recent South African War he served with the Imperial Yeomanry, and, later, was attached, on Lord Methuen's recommendation, to the South African Constabulary. Having twice contracted dysentery, he was invalided home. A few months ago he received his last appointment from the Colonial Office, and in the short time he was in the Bassa district was able to do a great deal to promote the efficiency of the Native Police. All through his too short career Lieutenant Amyatt-Burney was always spoken of, and respected, as a zealous officer upon whom dependence could be placed. He was educated at the Royal Academy, Gosport, and was the only son of the Rev. E. A. and Mrs. Amyatt-Burney, of Babcarby Rectory, Somerton.

CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA.

The second test match ended on Jan. 5 in an easy victory for England. The weather was deplorable, and left the ground in such a condition that even the finest "sticky-wicket" batsmen could do little. In the first innings England scored 315, the best performance being Tyldesley's splendid 97. In the second innings the same player again led the scoring, contributing 62 to a total of 103. Australia's first innings resulted in 122, of which Trumper made 74, and in the second, where the aggregate was only 111, no less than five players failed to score. The result for the test matches now stands, in golfing phrase, at "two up, three to play."

THE CHICAGO FIRE. One of the most terrible calamities of modern times occurred in Chicago on the afternoon of Wednesday, Dec. 30. While a matinee of the pantomime of "Bluebeard" was in progress at the Iroquois Theatre, in presence of an audience of about twelve hundred persons, mostly women and



SIR HORACE BROOKS MARSHALL'S VOLUNTEER CUP.

This handsome trophy has been presented by ex-Sheriff Marshall to the 2nd City of London Rifle Volunteers. It is awarded for sectional firing, and F Company has been the first to win it.

accustomed to go in and out of the ordinary doors, these are the exits they all seek when there is an alarm. The others they never think about. It ought,

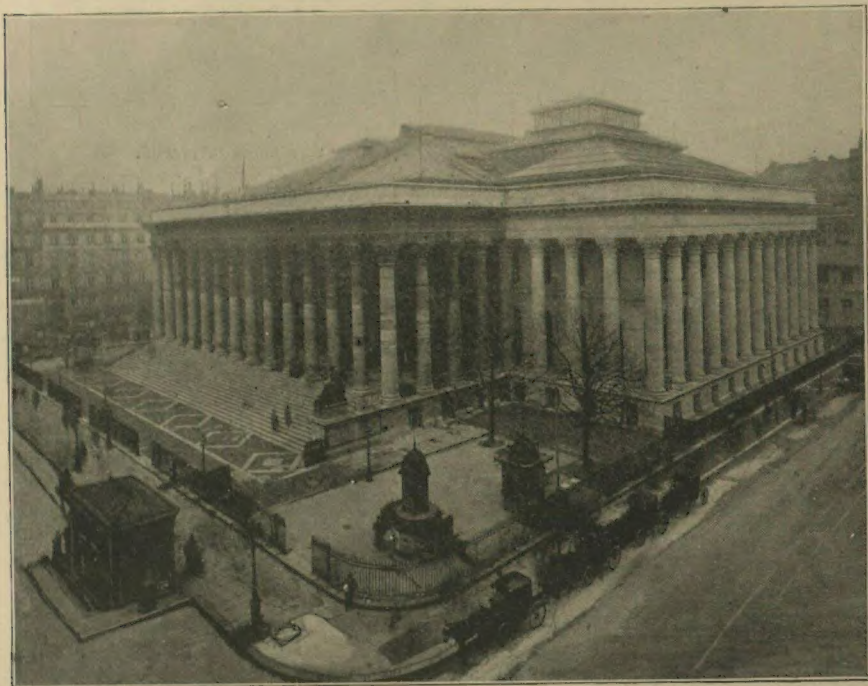
extinguishing flames on the stage should be tested every week. This ought to be part of the regular mechanism, just like rehearsals. It is clear that the fire-extinguishers in the Iroquois Theatre were ineffective in a moment of urgent need.

OUR FIRE SUPPLEMENT.

We publish this week an illustrated Supplement showing many of the methods in use in London and other theatres for the prevention of fire and the avoidance of dangerous crushing. We have to record the great assistance given us by Messrs. Walter Emden, P. A. Gilbert Wood, Edwin O. Sachs (who kindly permitted extracts from his great work "Modern Opera-Houses"), Ernest Runtz, and W. G. R. Sprague; the editor of the *Builder*; the manager of the London Hippodrome; and the managers of Wyndham's, His Majesty's, the Palace, Oxford, Alhambra, Tivoli, and Middlesex Theatres, where, as in many others, the fire precautions are elaborate and efficient. But that our theatre-construction in general still lacks something of the ideal is manifest from the able article by the Mayor of Westminster, who is one of the most accomplished theatre-architects of the present day.

THE KAISER AND THE BERLIN OPERA HOUSE.

The disastrous fire and panic at the Iroquois Theatre has not been without its influence upon that most impressionable of modern monarchs, the Emperor William. Always ready to learn by the experience of others, in spite of his own somewhat autocratic nature and his perfect acceptance of the divine right of Kings, he has consulted with various high officials as to the safety of the Berlin theatres in case of fire, and, as a result, has ordered the immediate closing of the Royal Opera House for the widening of exits, the provision of iron staircases, and the carrying out of any other alterations deemed necessary for the greater security of the playgoing public. His Majesty's precautions are much appreciated, and will doubtless be followed in many



THE ADDITIONS TO THE PARIS BOURSE, SHOWING THE NEW WING (ON THE RIGHT) WHICH HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED.



THE CLOSE OF NAVIGATION IN NORTH AMERICAN INLAND WATERS, DECEMBER 17: WINTER LOCKS ON THE GOVERNMENT CANALS AT SAULT STE. MARIE.

children, a fire broke out on the stage, owing, it is said, to sparks from an electric arc-lamp igniting some of the scenery. The operator strove to extinguish the flames with his hand, but they were quickly beyond his reach, and by some mischance the blazing piece of scenery was hoisted into the flies, thus completing the ignition of the screen. An attempt was made to lower the fire-curtain, but its descent was arrested by an arc "spot" light near the top of the proscenium arch. The result was that the half-closed curtain acted like the blower of a stove, and a great sheet of flame from the burning scenery swept out into the body of the house. Those who sat near the stage must have been killed instantly, but the number of the dead would have been comparatively few but for inevitable panic. The terrified audience made for the available means of egress, and on the stairs and balconies the most hideous crush took place. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of horror; but when the firemen at length entered the building it was some time before they could get to work by reason of the closely packed dead. The complete list of killed is now known to number 587, or almost half the entire audience. The fire itself lasted only a few minutes. Amid the confusion there were many heroic rescues. Mr. Edward Foy, the chief comedian, tried to calm the audience, and directed the orchestra to go on. Finally, seeing that his efforts were useless, Mr. Foy assisted a large number of chorus-girls to escape by an underground passage, whence they reached the street by means of a coal-shoot. A Roman Catholic prelate, Bishop Muldoon, also showed extraordinary devotion. He made his way into the burning building, and stayed there as long as he could find a single dying person within reach of the consolations of religion. What responsibility attaches to the managers of the Iroquois Theatre at Chicago for this awful disaster costing so many lives, it is too soon to say. But two observations may be made. One is that when a large audience is panic-stricken, there is sure to be a loss of life. The other is that it is no use providing emergency exits unless these are open after every performance. When people are

therefore, to be made an imperative rule that the audience shall leave the theatre every night by the doors which happen to be nearest. By this training every playgoer will know at once when he rises from his seat which is the quickest exit for him. Another rule which should be made is that the appliances for

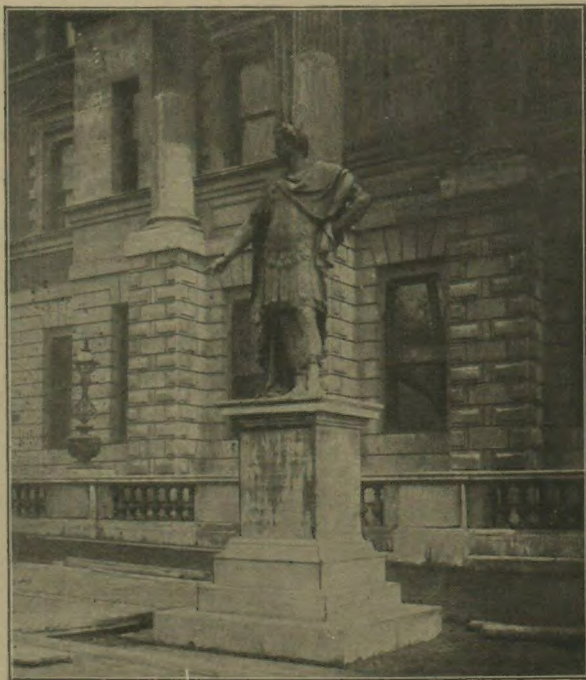
other countries. In Chicago alone nearly 400 public halls have been closed pending inquiry into their safety.

THE NATIONAL PHYSIQUE.

Bewildering controversy is not limited just now to the fiscal question. Such space as the morning papers can spare for correspondence which does not deal with Mr. Chamberlain's views is largely occupied by the dispute about the national physique. Are we deteriorating in virile force? It is said that the standard of recruits for the Army has fallen; but to this it is answered that the Army has never drawn the pick of the national manhood or even a good average. Against the contention that town life is unwholesome for a large percentage of the population is set the evidence that the progress of hygienic science has improved the conditions of life for a still larger percentage. Out of the hurly-burly of argument one thing clearly stands, and that is the need for systematic physical training in elementary schools.

FOG AND THE DUST-CART.

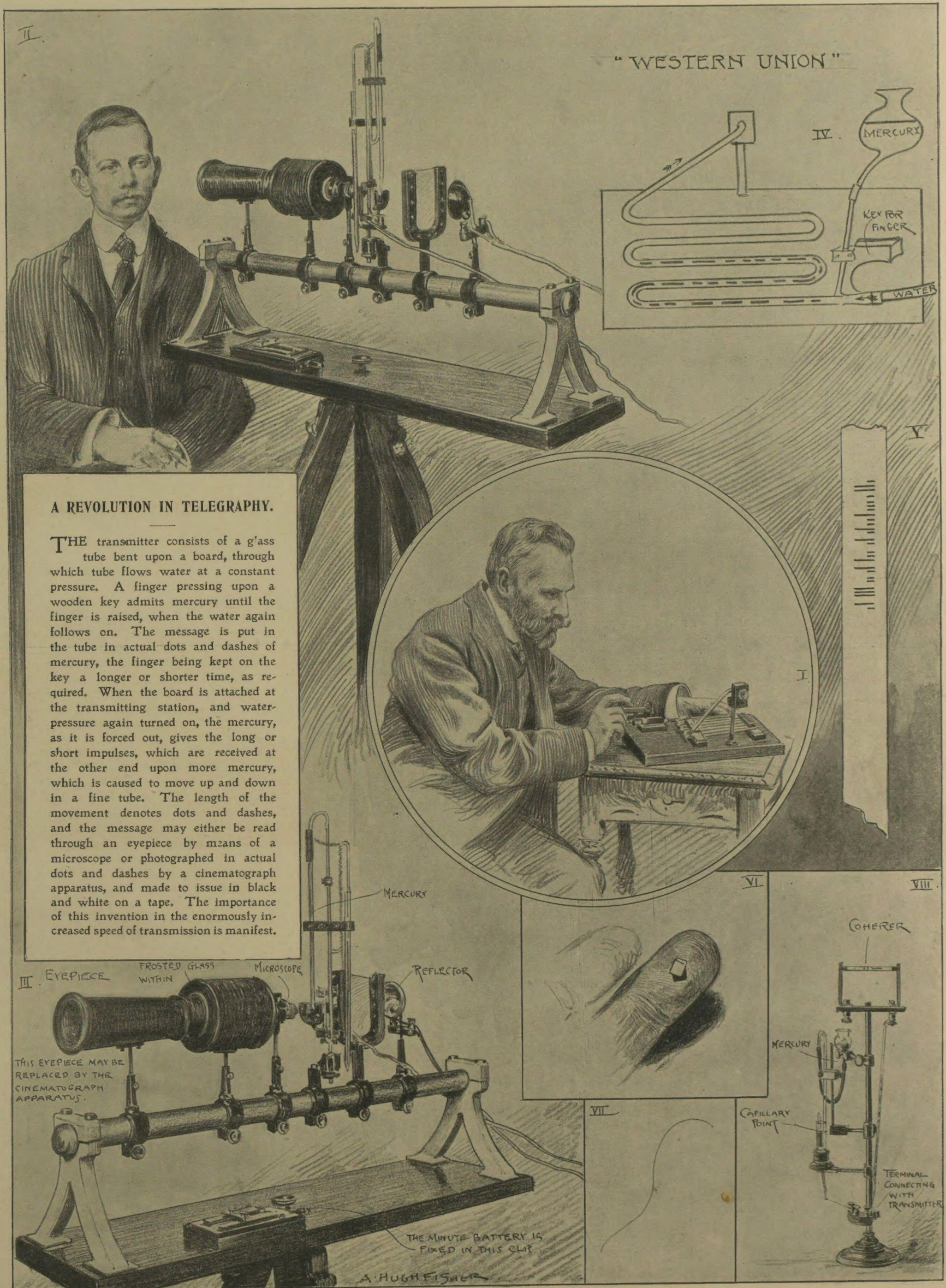
There is infinite talk about the causes of the London "particular," but no practical step is taken to rid us of the recurrent nuisance, unless there be hope in Sir Oliver Lodge's electrical fog-dispeller, which we recently illustrated. Only lately the authorities have conceived the brilliant idea of planting "flare lights" in the thoroughfares. Beacon fires blaze along the Mall, and are both useful and picturesque. But if Sir Oliver Lodge can electrify the fog and destroy it, this would be better than all the illuminants. Will the London County Council inquire into this? Will the Borough Councils carry out Sir Henry Thompson's proposal to abolish the dangerous nuisance of the dust-cart, from which every puff of wind scatters germs of disease? Sir Henry suggests that metal receptacles to hold the dust shall be taken into the houses, filled, carefully covered, and carried away in the cart without exposing the contents to the air. This is such a manifestly rational idea that the local authorities may be expected to ignore it.



A NEW LOCATION FOR A LONDON MEMORIAL TO JAMES II. This statue has just been removed from Whitehall to a site opposite the Admiralty.

INCREASING TELEGRAPHIC SPEED: THE ARMSTRONG-ORLING ELECTRO-CAPILLARY RECORDER.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY THE INVENTORS.



A REVOLUTION IN TELEGRAPHY.

THE transmitter consists of a glass tube bent upon a board, through which tube flows water at a constant pressure. A finger pressing upon a wooden key admits mercury until the finger is raised, when the water again follows on. The message is put in the tube in actual dots and dashes of mercury, the finger being kept on the key a longer or shorter time, as required. When the board is attached at the transmitting station, and water-pressure again turned on, the mercury, as it is forced out, gives the long or short impulses, which are received at the other end upon more mercury, which is caused to move up and down in a fine tube. The length of the movement denotes dots and dashes, and the message may either be read through an eyepiece by means of a microscope or photographed in actual dots and dashes by a cinematograph apparatus, and made to issue in black and white on a tape. The importance of this invention in the enormously increased speed of transmission is manifest.

I. Mr. J. Tarbotton Armstrong, and II. Mr. A. Orling, the inventors, with transmitter and receiver respectively.

III. A larger view of receiver.

IV. Diagrammatic view of transmitter, containing the words "Western Union" in actual dots and dashes of mercury.

V. Tape, as delivered from the cinematograph apparatus, photographing the movements of the mercury in the tube of the receiver.

VI. Actual battery used to send messages from London to New York on December 13 (lying on inventor's finger).

VII. The finest copper-wire made is thick enough to carry the message.

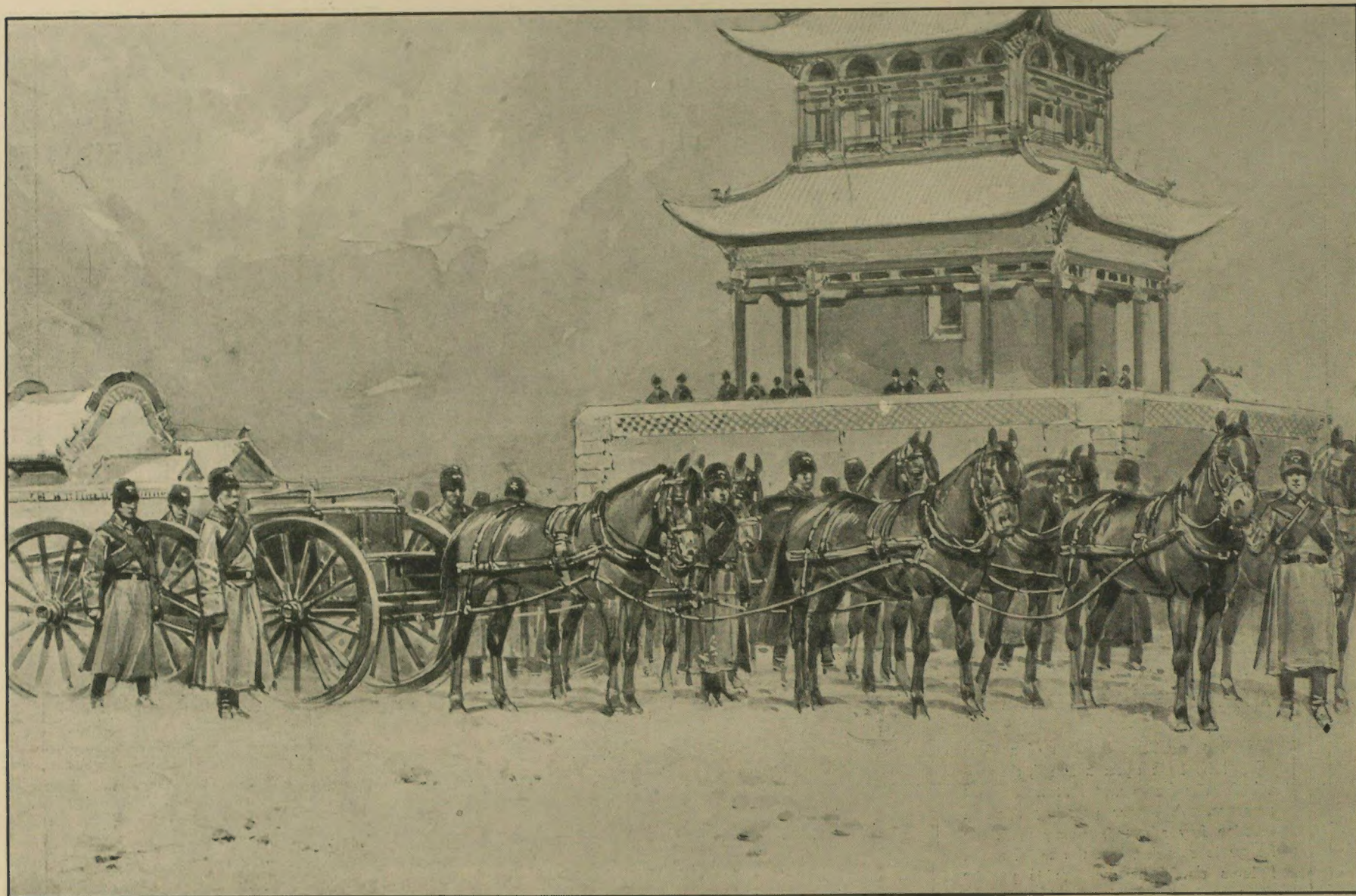
VIII. The same invention adapted to use the Hertzian waves in wireless telegraphy.

"In all existing arrangements, the coherer," says Mr. Armstrong, "however satisfactory at the beginning, invariably loses its sensitiveness as soon as it is used, and never again returns to its original sensitiveness. In my arrangement, however, as no current passes through it, it is never spoilt."

Along a telegraph wire the Armstrong-Orling Electro-Capillary Recorder sends 250 impulses per second, which is thirteen times as many as the greatest number sent per second heretofore. The inventors discovered that the less current they used the quicker were their results. On December 13 last the first message was sent direct, without retranslation, from London to New York with the battery drawn here upon Mr. Armstrong's finger to show its minute size.

MUSCOVY IN MANCHURIA: SCENES OF THE RUSSIAN MILITARY PREPARATIONS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY G. GRANTHAM BAIN.



RUSSIAN ARTILLERY IN CAMPAIGNING OUTFIT IN MANCHURIA.



THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE RUSSIAN POWER IN THE FAR EAST: ADMIRAL ALEXEIEFF REVIEWING TROOPS AT PORT ARTHUR.

Admiral Alexeieff is said to be inclined to postpone the war, as Japan is better equipped for repairing war-vessels than Russia. Had the Czar had three docks at Port Arthur and two at Dalny the Admiral says he would go to war at once.

THE WAR-CLOUD IN THE FAR EAST: MUSCOVY IN MANCHURIA.

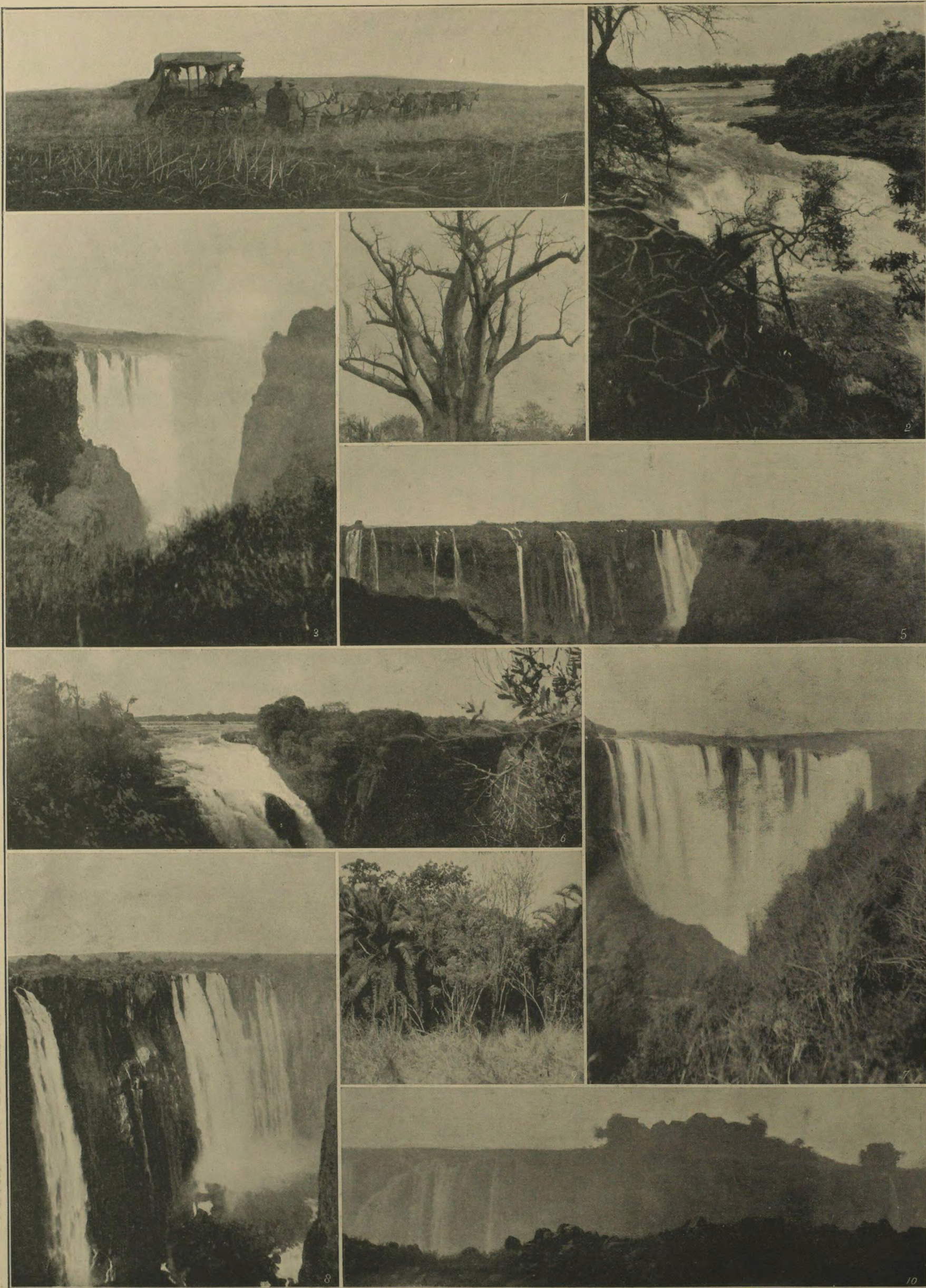
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



RUSSIAN MARTIAL MUSIC: THE BAND OF A COSSACK REGIMENT ON THE MARCH IN MANCHURIA.

The Russian troops march to the music of their own songs, accompanied by cymbals, bells, and the tambourine struck with a drumstick. Any concourse of Russians, even a crowd of peasant children, can sing magnificently, taking all the parts correctly.

ON THE LINE OF THE CAPE-TO-CAIRO RAILWAY: THE VICTORIA FALLS.



1. EN ROUTE FOR THE FALLS: CART AND TEAM OF MULES.
2. THE BEGINNING OF THE FALLS: THE DEVIL'S CATARACT.
3. THE CENTRE OF THE FALLS, WITH LIVINGSTONE'S ISLAND
IN THE DISTANCE.

4. THE CREAM-OF-TARTAR TREE.
5. A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE
FALLS.
6. THE DEVIL'S CATARACT.

7. THE FALLS NEAR THE BOILING POT.
8. THE EAST END OF THE FALLS.
9. TROPICAL VEGETATION IN THE ZAMBESI.
10. LIVINGSTONE'S ISLAND SEEN THROUGH THE SPRAY.

A few yards below the Boiling Pot the great railway bridge crosses the stream. The Falls are at some places four hundred feet high, and the effects of the spray, with its numerous prismatic bows, is marvellously picturesque.



The Last Hope.

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. * Illustrated by A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Colville took in the whole picture in one quick comprehensive glance. But he turned again as the singer on board *The Last Hope* began another verse. The words were clearly audible to such as knew the language; and Colville noted that the girl turned with a sudden gravity to listen to them—

“Un tel qu'on vantait
Par hasard était
D'origine assez mince;
Par hasard il plut,
Par hasard il fut
Baron, ministre, et prince.”

Captain Clubbe's harsh voice broke into the song with the order to let go the anchor. As the ship swung to the tide, the steersman, who wore neither coat nor waistcoat, could be seen idly handling the wheel still, though his duties were necessarily at an end. He was a young man, and a gay salutation of his unemployed hand towards the assembled people—as if he were sure that they were all friends—stamped him as the light-hearted singer, so different from the Farlingford men, so strongly contrasted to his hearers, who, nevertheless, jerked their heads sideways in response. He had, it seemed, rightly gauged the feelings of these cold East Anglians. They were his friends.

River Andrew's boat was alongside *The Last Hope* now. Someone had thrown him a rope, which he had passed under his bow thwart, and now held with one hand, while with the other he kept his distance from the tarry side of the ship. There was a pause until the schooner felt her moorings, then Captain Clubbe looked over the side and nodded a curt salutation to River Andrew, bidding him by the same gesture wait a minute until he had donned his shore-going jacket. The steersman was pulling on his coat while he sought among the crowd the faces of his more familiar friends. He was, it seemed, a privileged person, and took it for granted that he should go ashore with the captain. He was perhaps one of those who seemed to be privileged at their birth by Fate, and pass through life on the sunny side, with a light step and laughing lips.

Captain Clubbe was the first to step ashore, with one comprehensive nod of the head for all Farlingford. Close on his heels, the younger sailor was already returning the greetings of his friends—

“Hullo, Loo!” they said, or “How do, Barebone?” For their tongues are no quicker than their limbs, and to this day “How do?” is the usual greeting.

The Marquis de Gemosac, who was sitting in the background, gave a sharp little exclamation of surprise when Barebone stepped ashore, and turned to Dormer Colville to say in an undertone—

“Ah!—but you need say nothing.”

“I promised you,” answered Colville carelessly, “that I should tell you nothing till you had seen him.”

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN OF “THE LAST HOPE.”

Not only France but all Europe had at this time to reckon with one who, if, as his enemies said, was no Bonaparte, was a very plausible imitation of one.

In 1849 France, indeed, was kind enough to give the world a breathing space. She had herself just come through one of those seething years from which she alone seems to have the power of complete recovery. Paris had been in a state of siege for four months—not threatened by a foreign foe, but torn to pieces by internal dissension. Sixteen thousand had been killed and wounded in the streets. A Ministry had fallen. A Ministry always does fall in France. Bad weather may bring about such a descent at any moment. A monarchy had been thrown down; a King had fled. Another King; and one who should have known better than to put his trust in a people.

Half-a-dozen generals had attempted to restore order in Paris and confidence in France. Then, at the very end of 1848, the fickle people elected this Napoleon, who was no Bonaparte, President of the new Republic. And Europe was accorded a breathing space. At the beginning of 1849 arrangements were made for it—military arrangements—and the year was almost quiet.

It was in the summer of the next year, 1850, that the Marquis de Gemosac journeyed to England. It was not his first visit to the country. Sixty years earlier he had been hurried thither by a frenzied mother—a little pale-faced boy, not bright or clever, but destined to pass through days of trial and years of sorrow which the bright and clever would scarcely have survived. For brightness must always mean friction, while cleverness will continue to butt its head against human limitations so long as men shall walk this earth.

He had been induced to make this journey, thus in the evening of his days, by the hope, hitherto vain enough, which many Frenchmen had pursued for half a century. For he was one of those who refused to believe that Louis XVII. had died in the prison of the Temple.

Not once, but many times, Dormer Colville laughingly denied any responsibility in the matter.

“I will not even tell the story as it was told to me,” he said to the Marquis de Gemosac, to the Abbé Touvent, and to the Vicomtesse de Chantonay, whom he met frequently enough at the house of his cousin, Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence, in that which is now the Province of the Charente Inférieure. “I will not even tell you the story as it was told to me until one of you has seen the man. And then, if you ask me, I will tell you. It is nothing to me, you understand. I am no dreamer, but a very material person who lives in France because he loves the sunshine and the cuisine and the good, kind hearts—which no Government or want of Government can deteriorate.”

And Madame de Chantonay, who liked Dormer Colville, with whom she admitted she always felt herself in sympathy, smiled graciously in response to his gallant bow. For she too was a materialist who loved the sunshine and the cuisine—more especially the cuisine.

Moreover, Colville never persuaded the Marquis de Gemosac to come to England. He went so far as to represent in a realistic light the discomforts of the journey; and only at the earnest desire of many persons concerned did he at length enter into the matter and good-naturedly undertake to accompany the aged traveller.

So far as his story was concerned he kept his word, entertaining the Marquis on the journey and during their two days' sojourn at the humble inn at Farlingford with that flow of sympathetic and easy conversation which always made Madame de Chantonay protest that he was no Englishman at all, but all that there was of the most French. Has it not been seen that Colville refused to translate the dark sayings of River Andrew by the side of the grass-grown grave, which seemed to have been brought to the notice of the travellers by the merest accident?

“I promised you that I should tell you nothing until you had seen him,” he repeated, as the Marquis followed with his eyes the movements of the group of which the man they called Loo Barebone formed the centre.

No one took much notice of the two strangers. It is not considered good manners in a seafaring community to appear to notice a new-comer. Captain Clubbe was naturally the object of universal attention. Was he not bringing foreign money into Farlingford, where the local purses needed replenishing, now that trade had fallen away, and agriculture was so sorely hampered by the lack of roads across the Marsh?

Clubbe pushed his way through the crowd to shake hands with the Reverend Septimus Marvin, who seemed to emerge from a visionary world of his own in order to perform that ceremony, and to return thither on its completion.

Then the majority of the onlookers straggled homewards, leaving a few wives and sweethearts waiting by the steps with patient eyes fixed on the spidery figures in the rigging of *The Last Hope*. Dormer Colville and the Marquis de Gemosac were left alone, while the Rector stood a few yards away, glaring abstractedly at them through his gold-rimmed spectacles as if they had been some strange flotsam cast up by the high tide.

“I remember,” said Colville to his companion, “that I have an introduction to the pastor of the village, who, if I am not mistaken, is even now contemplating opening a conversation. It was given to me by my banker in Paris, who is a Suffolk man. You remember, Marquis, John Turner, of the Rue Lafayette?”

“Yes—yes,” answered the Marquis absently. He was still watching the retreating villagers with eyes old and veiled by the trouble that they had seen.

“I will take this opportunity of presenting myself,” said Colville, who was watching the little group from the Rectory without appearing to do so. He rose as he spoke and went towards the clergyman, who was probably much younger than he looked, for he was ill-dressed and ill-shorn, with straggling grey hair hanging to his collar. He had a musty look, such as a book may have that is laid on a shelf in a deserted room and never opened or read. Septimus Marvin, the world would say, had been laid upon a shelf when he was inducted to the spiritual cure of Farlingford. But no man is ever laid on a shelf by Fate. He climbs up there of his own will and lies down beneath the dust of forgetfulness because he lacks the heart to arise and face the business of life.

Seeing that Dormer Colville was approaching him, he came forward with a certain scholarly ease of manner, as if he had once mixed with the best on an intellectual equality.

Colville's manners were considered perfect, especially by those who were unable to detect a fine line said to exist between ease and too much ease. Mr. Marvin recollected John Turner well. Ten years earlier he had, indeed, corresponded at some length with the Paris banker respecting a valuable engraving. Was Mr. Colville interested in engravings? Dormer Colville confessed to a deep and abiding pleasure in this branch of Art, tempered, he admitted with a laugh, by a colossal ignorance. He then proceeded to give the lie to his own modesty by talking easily and well of mezzotints and etchings.

"But," he said, interrupting himself with evident reluctance. "I am forgetting my obligations. Let me present to you my companion, an old friend, the Marquis de Gemosac."

The two gentlemen bowed, and Mr. Marvin, knowing no French, proceeded to address the stranger in good British Latin, after the manner of the courtly divines of his day; which Latin, from its mode of pronunciation, was entirely unintelligible to its hearer.

In return, the Rector introduced the two strangers to his niece, Miriam Liston.

"The mainstay of my quiet house," he added with his vague and dreamy smile.

"I have already heard of you," said Dormer Colville at once, with his modest deference, "from my cousin, Mrs. St. Pierre Lawrence."

He seemed, as sailors say, never to be at a loose end, but to go through life with a facile readiness, having, as it were, his hands full of threads among which to select with a careless affability one that must draw him nearer to high and low, men and women alike.

They talked together for some minutes, and soon after the discovery that Miriam Liston was as good a French scholar as himself, and therefore able to converse with the Marquis de Gemosac, Colville regretted that it was time for them to return to their simple evening meal at the Black Sailor.

"Well," said Colville to De Gemosac as they walked slowly across the green towards the inn, embowered in its simple cottage garden, all blazed now with hollyhocks and poppies; "well, after your glimpse at this man, Marquis, are you desirous to see more of him?"

"My friend," answered the Frenchman with a quick gesture descriptive of a sudden emotion not yet stilled, "he took my breath away; I can think of nothing else. My poor brain is buzzing still, and I know not what answers I made to that pretty English girl. Ah, you smile at my enthusiasm—you do not know what it is to have a great hope dangling before the eyes all one's life. And that face—the face!"

In which judgment the Marquis was no doubt right. For Dormer Colville was too universal a man to be capable of concentrated zeal upon any one object. He laughed at the accusation.

"After dinner," he answered, "I will tell you the little story as it was told to me. We can sit on this seat outside the inn in the scent of the flowers and smoke our cigarette."

To which proposal Monsieur de Gemosac assented readily enough. For he was an old man, and to such the importance of small things, such as dinner or a passing personal comfort, are apt to be paramount. Moreover, he was a remnant of that class to which France owed her downfall among the nations; a class represented faithfully enough by its King, Louis XVI., who procrastinated even on the steps of the guillotine.

The wind went down with the sun, as had been foretold by River Andrew, and the quiet of twilight lay on the level landscape like sleep when the two travellers returned to the seat at the inn door. A distant curlew was whistling cautiously to its benighted mate, but all other sounds were still. The day was over.

"You remember," said Dormer Colville to his companion, "that six months after the execution of the King a report ran through Paris and all France that the Dillons had succeeded in rescuing the Dauphin from the Temple."

"That was in July 1793—just fifty-seven years ago; the news reached me in Austria," answered the Marquis.

Colville glanced sideways at his companion, whose face was set with a stubbornness almost worthy of the tenacious Bourbons themselves.

"The Queen was alive then," went on the Englishman half diffidently, as if prepared for amendment or correction. "She had nearly three months to live. The separation from her children had only just been carried out. She was not broken by it yet. She was in full possession of her health and energy. She was one of the cleverest women of that time. She was surrounded by men, some of whom were frankly half-witted; others were drunk with excess of a sudden power for which they had had no preparation. Others, again, were timorous or cunning. All were ignorant, and many had received no education at all. For there are many ignorant people who have been highly educated, Marquis."

readiness to be convinced as much from indifference as by reasoning.

"It is intolerable," said the Marquis de Gemosac, "that a man of your understanding should be misled by a few romantic writers in the pay of the Orleans."

"I am not misled, Marquis; I am ignorant," laughed Colville. "It is not always the same thing."

Monsieur de Gemosac threw away his cigarette and turned eagerly towards his companion.

"Listen," he said. "I can convince you in a few words."

And Colville leant back against the weather-worn seat with the air of one prepared to give a post-prandial attention.

"Such a man was found as you yourself suggest. A boy was found who could not refuse to run that great risk—who could not betray himself by indiscreet speech—because he was dumb. In order to allay certain rumours which were going the round of Europe, the National Convention sent three of its members to visit the Dauphin in prison, and they themselves have left a record that he answered none of their questions and spoke no word to them. Why? Because he was dumb. He merely sat and looked at them solemnly as the dumb look. It was not the Dauphin at all. He was hidden in the loft above. The visit of the Conventionals was not satisfactory. The rumours were not stilled by it. There is nothing so elusive or so vital as a rumour. Ah! you smile, my friend."

"I always give a careful attention to rumours," admitted Colville—"more careful than that which one accords to official announcements."

"Well, the dumb boy was not satisfactory. Those who were paid for this affair began to be alarmed. Not for their pockets. There was plenty of money. Half the crowned heads in Europe and

all the women were ready to open their purses for the sake of a little boy whose ill-treatment appealed to their soft hearts—who, in a sense, was sacred, for he was descended from sixty-six Kings. No! Barras and all the other scoundrels began to perceive that there was only one way out of the difficulty into which they had blundered. The Dauphin must die. So the dumb boy disappeared. One wonders whither he went and what his fate might be."

"With so much to tell," put in Dormer Colville musingly, "so much unspoken."

It was odd how the rôles had been reversed. For the Marquis de Gemosac was now eagerly seeking to convince his companion. The surest way to persuade a man is to lead him to persuade himself.

"The only solution was for the Dauphin to die—in public. So another substitution was effected," continued Monsieur de Gemosac. "A dying boy from the hospital was made to play the part of the Dauphin. He was not at all like him; for he was tall and dark—taller and darker than a son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette could ever have been. The prison was reconstructed so that the sentry on guard could not see his prisoner, but was forced to call to him in order to make sure that he was there. It was a pity that he did not resemble the Dauphin at all, this scrofulous child. But they were in a hurry, and they were at their wits' ends. And it is not always easy to find a boy who will die in a given time. This boy had to die, however, by some means or other. It was for France, you understand, and the safety of the Great Republic."

"One hopes that he appreciated his privilege," observed Colville philosophically.

"And he must die in public—duly certified for by persons of undoubted integrity. They called in, at the last moment, Desault, a great doctor of that day. But Desault was, unfortunately, honest. He went home and told his assistant that this was not the Dauphin, and that whoever he might be, he was being poisoned. The assistant's name was Choppart, and this Choppart made up a medicine



"Let me present to you my companion, an old friend, the Marquis de Gemosac."

He gave a short laugh and lighted a cigarette.

"Mind," he continued, after a pause devoted to reflection which appeared to be neither deep nor painful; for he smiled as he gazed across the hazy marshes—"mind, I am no enthusiast, as you yourself have observed; I plead no cause. She was not my Queen, Marquis, and France is not my country. I endeavour to look at the matter with the eye of common-sense and wisdom. And I cannot forget that Marie Antoinette was at bay—all her senses, all her wit alert. She can only have thought of her children. Human nature would dictate such thoughts. One cannot forget that she had devoted friends, and that these friends possessed unlimited money. Do you think, Marquis, that any one man of that rabble was above the reach of money?"

And Mr. Dormer Colville's reflective smile, as he gazed at the distant sea, would seem to indicate that, after a considerable experience of men and women, he had reluctantly arrived at a certain conclusion respecting them.

"No man born of woman, Marquis, is proof against bribery or flattery—or both."

"One can believe anything that is bad of such dregs of humankind, my friend," said Monsieur de Gemosac contemptuously.

"I speak to one," continued Colville, "who has given the attention of a lifetime to the subject. If I am wrong, correct me. What I have been told is that a man was found who was ready in return for a certain sum paid down, to substitute his own son for the little Dauphin; to allow his son to take the chance of coming alive out of that predicament. One can imagine that such a man could be found in France at that period."

De Gemosac turned and looked at his companion with a sort of surprise.

"You speak as if in doubt, Monsieur Colville," he said, with a sudden assumption of that grand manner with which his father had faced the people on the Place de la Concorde—had taken a pinch of snuff in the shadow of the guillotine one sunny July day. "You speak as if in doubt. Such a man was found. I have spoken with him: I, who speak to you."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARQUIS'S CREED.

Dormer Colville smiled doubtfully. He was too polite, it seemed, to be sceptical, and by his attitude expressed a

on Desault's prescription which was an antidote to poison."

Monsieur de Gemosac paused, and, turning to his companion, held up one finger to command his full attention.

"Desault died, my friend, four days later. And Choppard died five days after him; and the boy in the Temple died three days after Choppard. And no one knows what they died of. They were pretty bunglers, those gentlemen of the Republic. Of course, they called in others in a hurry—men better suited to their purpose. And one of these, the citizen Pelletan, has placed on record some preposterous lies. These doctors certified that this was the Dauphin. They had never seen him before, but what matter? Great care was taken to identify the body. Persons of position who had never seen the son of Louis XVI. were invited to visit the Temple. Several of them had the temerity to protect themselves in the certificate. 'We saw what we were informed was the body of the Dauphin,' they said."

Again the old man turned and held up his head in a gesture of warning.

"If they wanted a witness whose testimony was without question—whose word would have laid the whole question in that lost and forgotten grave for ever—they had one in the room above. For the Dauphin's sister was there, Marie Thérèse Charlotte, she who is now Duchess of Angoulême. Why did they not bring her down to see the body, to testify that her brother was dead and the line of Louis XVI. ended? Was it chivalry? I ask you if these had shown chivalry to Madame de Lamballe, to Madame Elizabeth, to Marie Antoinette? Was it kindness towards a child of unparalleled misfortune? I ask you if they had been kind to those whom they called the children of the tyrant? No! They did not conduct her to that bedside, because he who lay there was not her brother. Are we children, Monsieur, to be deceived by a tale of a sudden softness of heart? They wished to spare this child the pain! Had they ever spared anyone pain—the National Assembly?"

And the Marquis de Gemosac's laugh rang with a hatred which must, it seems, outlive the possibility of revenge.

"There was to be a public funeral. Such a ceremony would have been of incalculable value at that time. But at the last minute their courage failed them. The boy was thrown into a forgotten corner of a Paris churchyard at nine o'clock one night without witnesses. The spot itself cannot now be identified. Do you tell me that that was the Dauphin? Bah! my friend, the thing was too childish!"

"The ignorant and the unlettered," observed Colville, with the air of making a concession, "are always at a disadvantage—even in crime."

"That the Dauphin was in the meantime concealed in the garret of the Tower appears to be certain. That he was finally conveyed out of the prison in a clothes-basket is as certain, Monsieur, as it is certain that the sun will rise to-morrow. And I believe that the Queen knew, when she went to the guillotine, that her son was no longer in the Temple. I believe that Heaven sent her that one scrap of comfort, tempered as it was by the knowledge that her daughter remained a prisoner in their hands. But it was to her son that her affections were given. For the Duchess never had the gift of winning love. As she is now—a cold, hard, composed woman—so she was in her prison in the Temple at the age of fifteen. You may take it from one who has known her all his life. And from that moment to this. . . ."

The Marquis paused and made a gesture with his hands descriptive of space and the unknown.

"From that moment to this—nothing. Nothing of the Dauphin."

He turned in his seat and looked questioningly up towards the crumbling church, with its square tower, stricken years ago by lightning, with its grass-grown graveyard marked by stones all grey and hoary with immense age, and the passage of cold and stormy winters.

"Who knows," he added, "what may have become of him? Who can say where he lies? For a life begun as his began was not likely to be a long one; though troubles do not kill. Witness myself, who am five years his senior."

Colville looked at him in obedience to an inviting gesture of the hand; looked as at something he did not understand, something beyond his understanding, perhaps. For the troubles had not been

Monsieur de Gemosac's own troubles, but those of his country.

"And the Duchess," said the Englishman at length, after a pause—"at Frohsdorf—what does she say—or think?"

"She says nothing," replied the Marquis de Gemosac sharply. "She is silent because the world is listening for every word she may utter. What she thinks—Ah! who knows? She is an old woman, my friend, for she is seventy-one. Her memories are a millstone about her neck. No wonder she is silent. Think what her life has been! As a child, three years of semi-captivity at the Tuileries, with the mob howling round the railings. Three and a half years a prisoner in the Temple. Both parents sent to the guillotine—her aunt to the same. All her world massacred. As a girl she was collected, majestic; or else she could not have survived those years in the Temple—alone—the last of her family. What must her thoughts have been at night in her prison? As a woman, she is cold, sad, unemotional. No one ever lived through such troubles with so little display of feeling. The Restoration—the Hundred Days—the Second Restoration—Louis XVIII. and his flight to England—Charles X. and his abdication—her own husband, the Duc d'Angoulême, the Dauphin for many years, the King for half an hour—these are some of her experiences. She has lived for forty years in exile, in Mittau, Memel, Warsaw, Königsberg, Prague, England. And now she is at Frohsdorf awaiting the end. You ask me what she says? She says nothing, but she knows—she has always known—that her brother did not die in the Temple."

"Then—" suggested Colville, who certainly had acquired the French art of putting much meaning into one word.

"Then why not seek him?" you would ask. How do you know that she has not done so, my friend, with tears? But as years passed on and brought no word of him it became less and less desirable. While Louis XVIII. continued to reign there was no reason to wish to find Louis XVII., you understand. For there was still a Bourbon of the direct line upon the throne. Louis XVIII. would scarcely desire it. One would not expect him to seek very diligently for one who would deprive him of the crown. Charles X., knowing he must succeed his brother, was no more enthusiastic in the search. "And the Duchess d'Angoulême herself?" you ask. I can see the question in your face."

"Yes," conceded Colville. "For, after all, he was her brother."

"Yes; and if she found him what would be the result? Her uncle would be driven from the throne her father-in-law would not inherit; her own husband, the Dauphin, would be Dauphin no longer. She herself

this is a hard world, Monsieur Colville, and will not allow either men or women to be angels. I have known and served the Duchess all my life, and I confess that she has never lost sight of the fact that should Louis XVII. be found, she herself would never be Queen of France. One is not a Bourbon for nothing."

"One is not a stateswoman and a daughter of Kings for nothing," amended Colville, with his tolerant laugh, for he was always ready to make allowances. "Better, perhaps, that France should be left quiet under the régime she had accepted than disturbed by the offer of another régime which might be less acceptable. You always remind me—you who deal with France—of a lion-tamer at a circus. You have a very slight control over your performing beasts. If they refuse to do the trick you propose, you do not press it, but pass on to another trick; and the bars of the cage always appear to the onlooker to be very inadequate. Perhaps it was better, Marquis, to let the Dauphin go—to pass him over and proceed to the tricks suitable to the momentary humour of your wild animals."

The Marquis de Gemosac gave a curt laugh which thrilled with a note of that fearful joy known to those who seek to control the uncontrollable.

"At that time," he admitted, "it might be so. But not now. At that time there lived Louis XVIII. and Charles X. and his sons, the Duc d'Angoulême and the Duc de Berri, who might reasonably be expected to have sons in their turn. There were plenty of Bourbons, it seemed. And now where are they? What is left of them?"

He gave a nod of the head towards the sea that lay between him and Germany.

"One old woman, over there, at Frohsdorf, the daughter of Marie Antoinette, awaiting the end of her bitter pilgrimage; and this Comte de Chambord. This man who will not when he might. No, my friend, it has never been so necessary to find Louis XVII. as it is now—necessary for France, for the whole world. This Prince President, this last offshoot of a pernicious republican growth, will drag us all in the mud if he gets his way with France. And those who have watched with seeing eyes have always known that such a time as the present must eventually come. For France will always be the victim of a clever adventurer. We have foreseen it, and for that reason we have treated as serious possibilities these false Dauphins who have sprung up like mushrooms all over Europe and even in America. And what have they proved? What have the Bourbons proved in frustrating their frauds? That the son of Louis XVI. did not die in the Temple. That is all. And Madame herself has gathered further strength to her conviction that the little King was not buried in that forgotten corner of the graveyard of Sainte Marguerite.

At the same time she knows that none of these—neither Naundorff, nor Haver-gault, nor Bruneau, nor de Riche-mont, nor any other pretender—was her brother. No! The King, either because he did not know he was King, or because he had had enough of royalty, never came forward and never betrayed his whereabouts. He was to be sought; he is still to be sought; and it is now that he is wanted."

"That is why I offer to tell you this story now. That is my reason for bringing you to Farlingford now," said Colville

quietly. It seemed that he must have awaited as the wise do in this world the propitious moment. Should it never come they are content to forgo their purpose. He gave a light laugh and stretched out his long legs, contemplating his strapped trousers and neat boots with the eye of a connoisseur. "And should I be the humble means of doing a good turn to France and others, will France—and others—remember it, I wonder? Perhaps I hold in my hands the Hope of France, Marquis."

He paused and lapsed for a moment into thought. It was eight o'clock and the long Northern twilight was fading into darkness now. The bell of Captain Clubbe's ship rang out the hour—a new sound in the stillness of this forgotten town.

"The Last Hope," added Dormer Colville with a queer laugh.

(To be continued.)



Monsieur de Gemosac threw away his cigarette and turned eagerly towards his companion.

could never be Queen of France. It is a hard thing to say of a woman."

De Gemosac paused for a moment in reflection.

"Yes," he said at length, "a hard thing. But

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE FUTURE OF THE RACE.

It is at least a cheering sign of the times that earnest men and women who have regard to the serious side of life are beginning to evince an active interest in the physical welfare of children. The evidence that this movement is at last assuming fair proportions comes with singular appropriateness now that we are just launched into a new year. There can be no better wish expressed for the race than that inquiry into the best means of arresting and averting human deterioration may not only be increased in extent, but be productive of immense good.

The deterioration in physique, especially of the children of the masses, may be taken to be a very real matter. There is no questioning that the evil, and a very serious one it is, exists in full force. The testimony of teachers and doctors alike is unanimous in its strong protestation of the reality of the degeneration, and of the need for its betterment. The complaints are not lacking in definite character. There is first the widespread charge, only too easily proved true, of parental neglect. This last extends not merely to food and clothing, but still more to the apathy with which physical defects are regarded.

Of late days some interesting and instructive details have been afforded through the investigations of Dr. W. Hall, of Leeds, on the physical condition of school-children in that city. One part of this research is of highly important character, inasmuch as it bears upon the relative development of two races, Jew and Gentile, and upon the causes which may be held to account for the variations noted. Dr. Hall notes that the Jewish child as a rule is better developed than his Gentile neighbour of the same age, while he tells us the former shows better teeth than the latter. The test of bone-development is a fairly good one. In a Jewish school in a good district Dr. Hall found only 5 per cent. of rickets and 11 per cent. of defective teeth. In the Gentile school of the same class 8 per cent. of the children had rickets and 38 per cent. defective teeth. The poor district of Leeds was equally instructive as regards comparison. There the native children showed 50 per cent. rickets and a percentage of 60 as regards bad teeth. The poor Jewish school, as regards statistics based on the same lines, gave percentages of 7 per cent. rickets and 25 per cent. for defective teeth.

Most astonishing is it to find Dr. Hall stating that even in a country school the rickety subjects totalled up to 11 per cent. and the bad teeth to 33 per cent. Now we appear here to find evidence of a kind that suggests to us a very interesting reason for the superiority of the Jewish children in physique over their Christian neighbours. That reason is probably to be found in what we may call "racial development," or, in other words, the heredity of health. Dr. Hall, finding that the Jewish child of seven years of age weighed on an average four pounds more than the Christian child—when the comparison was made at nine years the Jewish boy weighed seven pounds more—attributes the increase to better maternal care. The Jewish mother, he is of opinion, feeds her child on more intelligent principles—that is to say, on healthier ones—than does the Gentile parent. This is very likely to be true, but we require to take a step backwards by way of ascertaining why the one woman rears her child better than the other. I think we may discover such a reason in the history of the Jewish race.

For long ages the Jew has practised a religion of health. No one can read the code of hygiene comprised in the books of the Old Testament without perceiving that a very wise legislation was exercised by way of ensuring the health of the Hebrew race, and by way of preventing disease. True, the code was extremely drastic in some of its applications—witness the casting of the leper forth of the camp; but its very rigidity served to impress not only the idea of prevention of disease, but of the practice to which that idea gave origin. A nation which, in addition to supervising its meats with the acumen of a modern sanitary inspector, and which knew that the essence of health was to be found in the maintenance of cleanliness, could not fail to reap a rich physical reward in the development of a sound constitution and in the possession of length of days.

Now if, as is provable, health is a cumulative quantity, equally with disease, may we not see in Jewish vitality to-day the natural result of centuries of health-practice? May we not equally learn the all-important lesson that it is possible for any nation, by attention to its physique generation after generation, to work, through natural laws, ways, and means, such results that, as an authority once remarked, might seem nothing short of miraculous? The agencies to be adopted in order to awaken the national "health-conscience" need not be specifically detailed by me. What is wanted is widespread national instruction in hygiene; the exposition by tongue and pen of the laws of health, and the State's recognition of the fact that this last is part and parcel of the only home policy which can ever be expected to produce a healthy people.

It would not be at all an inappropriate New Year's resolution if at large we resolved to see what each of us, as individuals, might do by way of example, if by no other means, of improving our physique. Suppose we thought a little more seriously of the simpler life, of the repression of wholesale luxury and of needless extravagance; suppose we encouraged agencies for the diffusion of health-knowledge with at least as much enthusiasm as we rush into battle or command more warships, we should attain a victory of peace the magnificence of which not one of us can figure forth to-day. Best of all, the example of the classes would form the best object-lesson for the masses, and the race of the future would be such as could hold up its head unabashed in the foremost files of time. ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

T J BROWN (Dulwich).—The omission of your name was quite an oversight, which is righted below.

W F THORNE.—Thanks for problem. The first move is rarely adopted by composers, although the construction is perfectly legal.

A G R.—Thanks for the slip, which we shall be glad to receive whenever convenient to you.

L DESANGES and A M SPARKE.—Much obliged.

HERBERT A SALWAY.—Thanks for your good wishes.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3108 received from Ratan Chandra Paul (Calcutta); of No. 3109 from F R Pickering (Forest Hill); of No. 3110 from C Field Junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3111 from G C B; of No. 3112 from F R Pickering (Forest Hill), T J Brown (Dulwich), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), Herbert A Salway, G Bakker (Rotterdam), C E Perugini, A G (Pancsova), T W W (Bootham), and H S Brandreth (Florence).

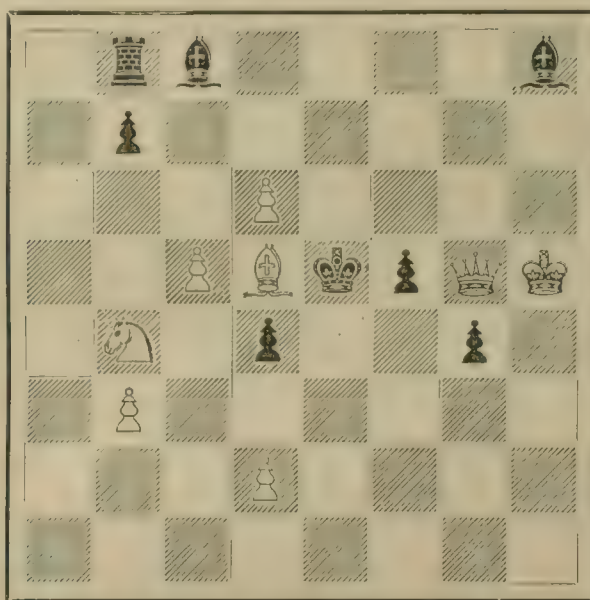
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3113 received from Doryman, H S Brandreth (Florence), Herbert A Salway, F J S (Hampstead), L Desanges, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), R Worters (Canterbury), G Stillinglee Johnson (Cobham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Martin F J W (Campsie), Reginald Gordon, Shadforth, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Valentin Oppermann (Marseilles), Joseph Cook, J Jones (Salford), Charles Burnett, T Roberts, F Henderson (Leeds), Edith Corser (Reigate), Clement C Danby, R Johnson (Southampton), Dr. Foreman (Denton), Albert Rettich (Upper Tooting), and F R Pickering (Forest Hill).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3112.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

1. K to Q 7th is the author's move, but 1. Q to Q Kt 5th is another way of solving this problem.

PROBLEM No. 3115.—By THE REV. J. JESPERSEN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played at Boston between Messrs. JASNOGRODSKY and MIESES.

(Zukertort Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. Kt to K 3rd	P to Q 4th	17. Kt to K 3rd	B takes Kt
2. P to K 3rd	P to Q 4th	18. P takes B	P to Q 5th
3. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	19. B to Kt 2nd	Kt takes P
4. P to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	20. B takes B	B P takes B
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	21. P to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd
The game is now resolved into an ordinary Queen's Pawn opening.		22. R to B 4th	Q to R 5th
6. B to K 2nd	B to K 2nd	Illustrating the principle that a counter-attack is often the best defence. White from this point is out-maneuvred; but the game is an interesting one, and well played on both sides.	
7. Castles	Castles	23. Q to Q 3rd	Q R to Q sq
8. P to Q Kt 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	24. Kt to Kt 2nd	R to B 2nd
9. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to K 5th	25. P to Kt 4th	R to K 2nd
10. P takes Q P	Kt takes Kt	26. B to B sq	Q R to K sq
11. B takes Kt	K P takes P	27. Q to K Kt 3rd	R to K 7th (ch)
12. B to Q 3rd	B to B 3rd	28. K to K B 2nd	Q takes Q (ch)
13. R to B sq	P takes P	29. K takes Q	P to Q 6th
14. P takes P	B to Kt 5th	30. P to R 3rd	R takes R
15. P to K R 3rd	B to R 4th	31. K takes R	R to K 7th (ch)
16. P to K Kt 4th		32. K to R 3rd	R to K R 7th
The positions so far are very even, but here White compromises his game by this hazardous advance of the King's wing Pawns. There is some suggestion of impatience in White's play at this point.		33. K to Q 3rd	R takes P (ch)
17. Kt to K 5th	B to Kt 3rd	34. K to Q 2nd	P to K R 4th
As this not only loses a Pawn, but secures for Black a passed Pawn as well, it does not seem at first a very wise stroke. White probably reckoned, however, that the adverse Pawn could not be successfully maintained.		35. P takes P	P takes P
		36. P to R 4th	P to R 5th
		37. P to Kt 4th	P takes P
		38. P takes P	Kt to R 4th
		39. R to B 3rd	R to B 6th
		40. B to R 3rd	P to R 6th
		41. R to B 8th (ch)	K to R 2nd
		White resigns.	

Another game, played between Messrs. W. G. MORRIS and N. LINSKY.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. B takes B	P takes B
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	11. Q to Kt 3rd	Q to B sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. Kt to Kt 5th	Kt to Q sq
4. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	13. Q R to Q sq	P to K R 3rd
5. P to B 3rd	P takes P	14. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
6. Kt takes P	B to Kt 5th	15. P to K 5th	P takes P
7. Castles	B takes Kt	16. Kt takes P	P to K Kt 4th
8. P takes B	P to Q 3rd	17. K R to K sq	Kt to B 2nd
9. B to Q R 3rd	B to K 3rd	18. Kt to Q 7th	Resigns.
An ill-considered move, which gives White an immediate advantage.		Cleverly played. White wins in a few moves.	

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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THE RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE ARMIES.

BY HORACE WYNNDHAM.

With a view, no doubt, to the possible outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan within the near future, both the Czar and the Mikado have for some time past been engaged in increasing the efficiency of their forces. This has on both sides been carried out with a persistency and quietness of which Western peoples have had little knowledge. During the last few years a considerable quantity of warlike stores has been purchased in England by Russian and Japanese agents, and dispatched by them in turn to accredited representatives at various ports abroad. While a good deal was sent openly, it is beyond question that a good deal more left our shores with legends inscribed on the labels that the contents of the packages had no real claim to. Not a few of the field-guns, for example, now on their way to Korea are said to have been sent from this country as "pianos"—a subterfuge which, it will be remembered, was resorted to with much effect by the authorities of the late South African Republic. Another direction in which both nations are making history repeat itself is in that of employing a number of British—or, at any rate, British trained—officers with their armies and navies. In the memorable struggle with China of a few years ago the commander of more than one Japanese vessel was an old *Britannia* cadet; and one of the Mikado's most trusted officers of the present day—Admiral Togo—learned his seamanship on board H.M.S. *Worcester*. The remodelling on English lines of the Czar's forces has been confined chiefly to the military ones. It dates from so far back as the restoration of peace after the Crimean Campaign, when a number of our artillerymen proceeded to Russia for the express purpose of reorganising the ordnance of their late enemies. Some of these experts remained in the country when their engagement terminated, and cast their lot in altogether with the Czar's army. The majority rose to high posts, one of the number—an Irishman, named O'Brien (subsequently Russified into "O'Brienski," or something of the sort)—in time became Chief of the Staff at St. Petersburg.

The systematic rather than the spasmodic reform of the Russian army may be said to have commenced in the year 1877, and to have owed its greatest impetus to Alexander III. and the present monarch, Nicholas II. Liability to military service is general almost everywhere in the case of males between the ages of twenty-two and forty-four. An exception, however, is made in favour of the inhabitants of certain of the remoter settlements. As the peace establishment absorbs only about one quarter of the recruits available every year, the pressure of conscription is not felt to any great extent. In normal times, too, exemptions are granted very freely, something like fifty per cent. of those originally warned for service being at the last moment excused the ordeal of the ballot.

Cavalry, horse-artillery, engineers, and guards regiments are recruited from all over the Empire, whereas a modified form of our own "territorial system" is in existence where the infantry corps are concerned. The men are enlisted according to the arm they join, for either five, four, or three years' service with the colours, followed by thirteen to fifteen years' subsequent service in the Reserve. This force is an extremely strong one, for when mobilised by Imperial ukase it can put in the field some three million trained men, all of whom are under forty years of age. In addition to this Reserve there is also a militia, or *Opoltschenie*, nearly a million and a half strong in itself. Taking a low estimate on which to base calculations, the Czar could in time of war put a force of five millions in the field.

With the gathering of the war clouds, Russia has recently added two new brigades to her troops in Eastern Siberia. The first of these is commanded by Major-General Kondratenko, and the second by Major-General Artamanoff. These brigades are numbered seven and eight, and are stationed respectively at Port Arthur and Vladivostok. Combined, the brigades represent twenty battalions. Some interesting details as to the formation of the Siberian Army Corps are published in the "Kratkpe Rospisanie Soochopootnich Voisk," a volume corresponding to our own "Monthly Army List." The men carry a magazine rifle, holding five cartridges, charged with smokeless powder. In addition to the Siberian cadres referred to, there is a considerable strength of Cossack infantry available in Caucasasia, while there are also several thousands of Cossack cavalry stationed on the Amur. In the judgment of experts these form the finest mounted infantry in the world.

Compared with the huge military strength of Russia, that of Japan is little more than a pigmy one. Yet it reaches the fairly substantial total of about four hundred and fifty thousand from all sources, together with 1200 guns and 90,000 horses. Less than one-half of this is contributed by the Permanent Army, the balance coming from the Territorial Army and the Reserve. Japan's military system may be described as having been gradually evolved from European models, the methods of Germany being perhaps followed more closely than those of any other nation. Service is compulsory between the ages of seventeen and forty and extends over a period of twelve years. Only three of these, however, have to be spent with the colours. The fighting force always available for duty is divided into 156 battalions of infantry, 51 squadrons of cavalry, 40 batteries of field and fortress artillery, together with a proportionate complement of engineer, supply, and transport detachments. For armament, the field artillery have the Arisaka quick-firing pattern, and the infantry on the permanent establishment carry the Midji magazine rifle. Japanese cavalry are served out with swords and carbines, but no lances. The Minister for War is General Masatake Terauchi. So far, the Mikado's troops, unlike those of the Czar, have not been called upon to face a European enemy. Although it is impossible to tell precisely how they will stand such a test, there is no doubt but that, whatever the ultimate issue, they will give an excellent account of themselves.

THE MOST FASHIONABLE FUR OF THE MOMENT: THE MOLE AND ITS CAPTORS.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.



1. THE AMERICAN TRAP.

2. THE OLD BENT TWIG AND NOOSE TRAP.

3. CURING THE SKINS.

The present season is the best for catching the mole, for now the skin is in perfection. In the American trap the coil-spring is released when the disc buried in the earth between the two uprights is displaced, and the harpoon is driven downwards, transfixing the mole. The old method, still generally used in the United Kingdom, was to fix one end of a twig in the ground and bend the other, which held a noose, over until it formed an arch, the whole being secured by a trigger. When the mole struck the trigger, it was caught by the noose and jerked into the air, being instantly strangled. The American trap has the advantage of dispensing with the contact of the human hand, and thus avoids leaving a scent which frequently warns the mole of the old snare.

AN EXTRAORDINARY RITE OF BARBARISM: FIJIAN FIRE-WALKING

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE FROM SKETCHES MADE DURING A VISIT TO FIJI.



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JAN. 9, 1904—52

FIJIAN FIRE-WALKERS TREADING RED-HOT STONES IN THE CEREMONY OF THE VILAVILAIREVO.

This curious rite is performed by a certain tribe in one of the islands. The legend runs that the power of walking over red-hot stones without being burnt was accorded to one Tui Qualita, as a reward for having saved the life of a man he had dug out of the ground. The Fijians dig a hole in the earth and fill it with layers of wood and stone. In this a fire is kindled twelve hours before the ceremony, and at the appointed time the charcoal is brushed away, leaving the hot stones exposed. The celebrants then walk over these bare-footed. A thermometer suspended over the stones has registered 282 deg. Fahrenheit.



Theatre Fires and Panics and their Prevention.

BY WALTER EMDEN, L.C.C., MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER.

TO erect and maintain public buildings in a proper and safe condition for public use, it is necessary to have uniformity of regulation, which can only be obtained by legislation placing the whole of the administration under one department, where all the necessary knowledge for dealing with this subject is collected. If that knowledge is collected in such a department, with a regular system of inspection, there is no

its weakest part, and if fire can get hold of a portion of the materials employed and collect sufficient heat, the building may as well have been erected entirely of such combustible fabrics instead of only partly. Beyond the proper provision of ample exit of a simple and accessible character, if the whole of a theatre be made fireproof, which is quite possible, with brick or concrete walls, with the iron construction thoroughly encased in concrete over and under

has been built with every possible care and improvement, and when one of these much-belauded buildings is burned down, many are led wrongly to believe that it is impossible to build fireproof theatres. The cause of failure, however, will be found to be that fireproof materials for part only of the building have been used. It is a perfectly useless arrangement to build staircases, corridors, and certain floors in some fireproof material, and the rest of the work in wood or other inflammable substances. No building is stronger than



IROQUOIS THEATRE: VIEW FROM THE GRAND STAIRCASE.



THE IROQUOIS THEATRE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS; OPENED NOVEMBER 23, 1903.

Scene of the Disastrous Fire, December 30, 1903.



IROQUOIS THEATRE: OFFICE OF THE MANAGEMENT.

doubt that its supervision would not only be useful, but would accomplish its object far better than that of any number of local bodies under various direct and indirect influences. There are many things which militate at present against theatres or public buildings being erected in a proper and safe manner. Of these we may consider two. First, there is seldom a competent authority to deal with the inspection and passing of theatres, and often there is no proper expert inspection to see that such buildings are properly maintained. Second, the professional advice of the architect may or may not be competent: for it must not be forgotten that theatre-building is a speciality even among specialists. Hence it is evident that proper care, thorough knowledge and proficiency,

are uncertain, and the danger from the incompetency which forms the system—if system it can be called—now responsible for the public safety is a great and growing one. The wonder is, not the numbers that have suffered, but that the numbers have not been greater.

We constantly hear that this or that theatre

caused by a fire, as well as the great heat over the stage at all times. The first must be guarded against by large and easily opened exhausts (no stage should be allowed to be used unless so fitted), and the second, by a series of small (always open) exhausts placed at intervals in the stage-roof. Electricity should be the lighting medium, but this is not free from danger; still, the opinion of the fire offices is that with a thoroughly good installation, carefully maintained, electric light is the best and safest. It is, however, the stage to which more particular attention should be



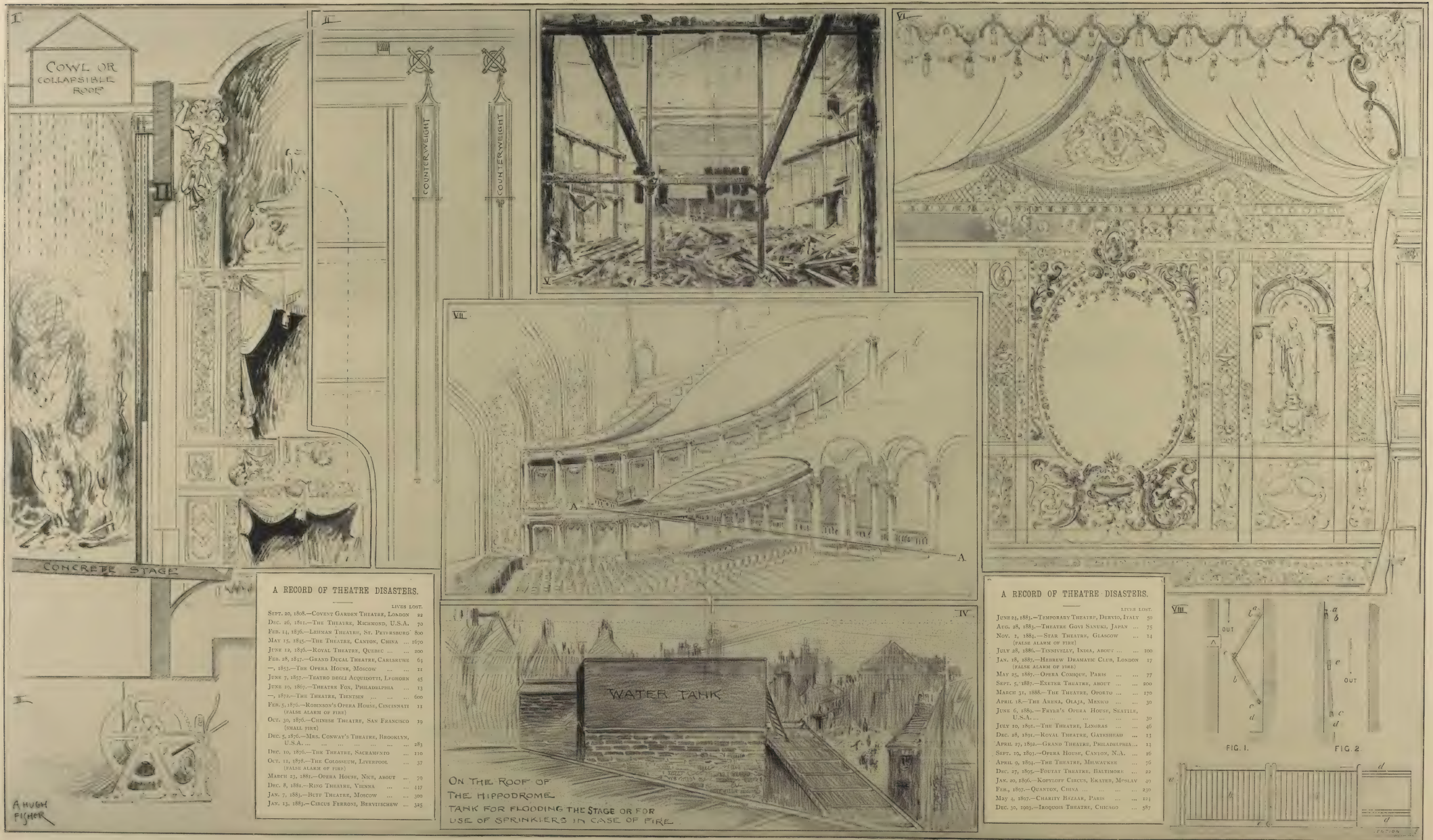
IROQUOIS THEATRE: THE LOBBY LOOKING TOWARDS THE AUDITORIUM.



IROQUOIS THEATRE: THE LOBBY AND STAIRCASES.

LESSONS FROM THE CHICAGO DISASTER: FIRE AND PANIC PRECAUTIONS IN BRITISH, CONTINENTAL, AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY MR. EDWIN O. SACHS, MR. WALTER EMDEN, MR. RUNTZ, AND OTHER AUTHORITIES.



I. SECTION SHOWING FIRE-PROOF CURTAIN, AND SPRINKLERS EXTINGUISHING A FIRE ON THE STAGE. There was no sprinkler in this position at the *Trigault Theatre*.
 II. PART OF THE SAME IN ELEVATION, SHOWING COUNTERWEIGHTS FOR MOVING THE FIRE-CURTAIN.
 III. "CRAB" FOR WINDING UP THE FIRE-CURTAIN FROM ANY REQUIRED POINT.
 IV. TANK ON ROOF OF THE LONDON HIPPODROME FOR FLOODING THE STAGE, OR FOR USE OF SPRINKLERS.

V. FIRE-RESISTING CURTAIN IN POSITION AFTER THE FIRE OF AUGUST 17, 1890, AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE, MANCHESTER.
 VI. THE POSSIBLE BEAUTY OF THE FIRE-CURTAIN: DESIGN AT THE COURT THEATRE, VIENNA.
 VII. A DEVICE SAID TO HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED INTO THE CONSTRUCTION OF A NEW THEATRE IN PITTSBURG: A SLOPING AISLE (A A) REPLACING THE STAIRCASES TO SECOND FLOOR AND UPPER BOXES.

VIII. A COLLAPSIBLE "SAFETY BARRIER" RECENTLY INVENTED BY MR. J. I. GRAYDON. FIG. 2.—THE BARRIER COLLAPSED AGAINST THE WALL. IN FIG. 1, A REPRESENTS THE PAY-BOX.
 This device obviates a crush on entering, and is removed shortly after the performance begins. If, however, a rush outwards occurred before it was taken away, the barrier would simply collapse on pressure and leave free egress.

NOTE.—The "cow" in No. 1 should be made of flimsy wood and thin glass, and should be easily destroyed by fire, thus leaving a vent for the free escape of gas and flame, and so drawing the conflagration away from the auditorium.

drawn. The appliances must be in such a position that the fireman can bring them into play with as little risk to himself as possible. Competent as the fireman may be, he cannot work with as much disinterestedness and steadiness

in a place of serious danger as in a position which is safe. In the case of the invention known as the "sprinkler," this should be fixed in sections commanding the various portions of the stage gridiron and flies both over and under, and should be controlled by main through-valves fixed near the stage-door or near an exit, so that, as has been said, from one safe position every portion of the stage can be dominated either in whole or in part. The exact distribution of such

Fortunately, this question can, I believe, be answered in the affirmative; but, to accomplish it, our theatres must undergo a systematic change, not only in regard to regulations for safety, but from the æsthetic standpoint.

Further, while London has been much improved as to the construction of its theatres, it is not sufficient to improve London only. All playhouses, provincial as well as London or those of the chief cities of Great Britain, should be dealt with under one department, where all the necessary information could be centred, and where all public buildings alike could be erected on the best and safest principles that can be suggested by combined experience.

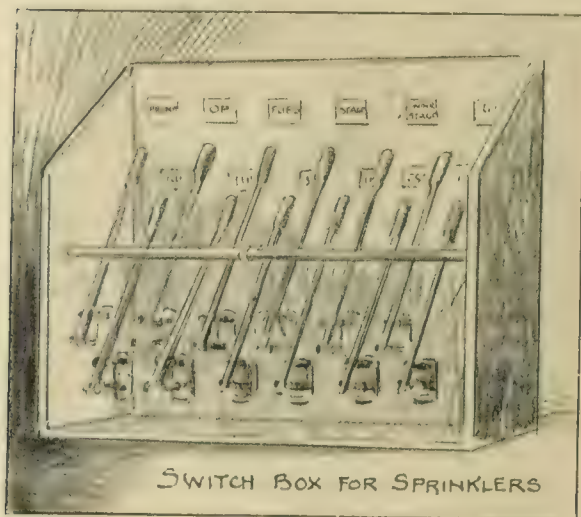
The loss occasioned by the fire in Chicago seems to have arisen from the fact that

the curtain did not descend, and, so far as can be at present judged, the raising of the burning cloth instead of dropping it on to the stage, where its own weight would have helped to put it out. To raise it—if such was done—among a lot of other cloths was a fatal mistake.

Another lesson which is to be obtained, and which the I.C.C. deserve great credit for dealing with, is that constant and regular inspection is necessary to see that exits and appliances are ready for use. This should be ascertained in no perfunctory manner.

Exits and appliances are useless if not open or working. So far, the reports do not seem to show that sprinklers were used or fitted. These, if worked over the stage in regular lines from the proscenium opening to the back, would soon saturate the scenery with water; and no theatre ought to be opened without being fitted with them—not automatic sprinklers, but those which can be turned on at once.

So awful is this disaster that it ought to teach the whole world a lesson never to be forgotten, and produce a thorough and systematic method of dealing with buildings to be used for large congregations of people; for while panic is the great cause of loss of life—and nothing can entirely do away with it—in such buildings the feeling that they are safe and the exit is easy does much to steady a large proportion of the audience, and so greatly to reduce the risks of loss of life and limb; and this could be produced to great extent if all public buildings were dealt with under similar conditions and control.

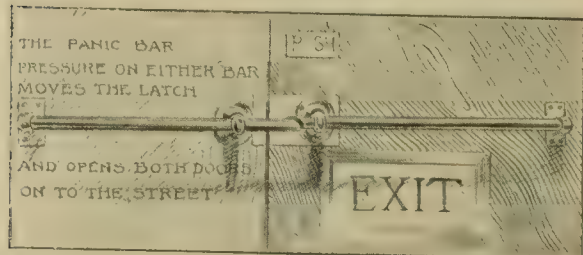


VALVE-BOARD CONTROLLING SPRINKLERS FOR ALL PARTS OF STAGE AND AUDITORIUM.

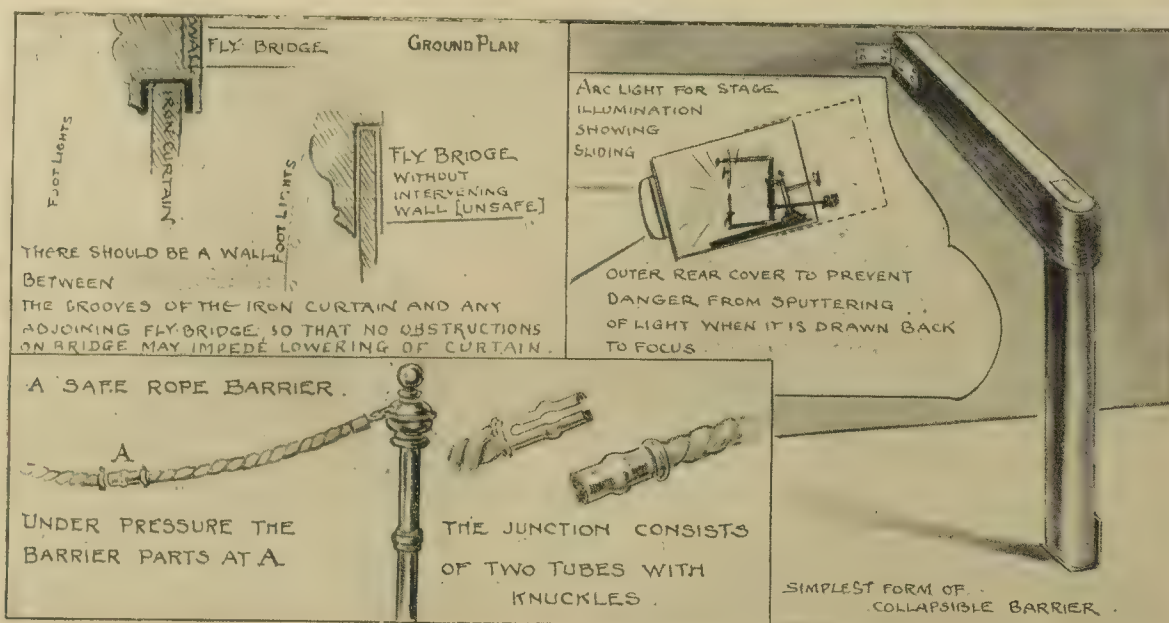
sprinklers must, of course, be decided according to the stage over which they have to be fixed, but they should be about five or seven feet apart—that is, half the distance prescribed for warehouses—and a line of them should be placed over the fireproof curtain, so that a stream of water may keep it cool.

The prevalent opinion that by soaking all the wood and cloths of a theatre with a certain chemical solution a safeguard against fire is obtained is, in my opinion, a most serious error. The effect of these chemicals passes off more or less rapidly, and no one can tell for how long a beam or a cloth may remain fireproof. This method probably nurses the management in the lap of a false security, and leads to a careless playing with fire rather than the taking of sufficient precautions against it. We seldom realise that the theatre of the present day is still built, except in large towns, for the most part upon the principles that obtained in the eighteenth century. We have contented ourselves with introducing in a muddled and patchwork fashion some inventions, without in any way changing the system as a whole. Every new departure has served merely to widen the breach between the old system and modern requirements. Hence many inventions were not a reform, but often a veritable change for the worse. For example, in order to accommodate larger audiences, we have been content to enlarge our auditoriums, but, generally speaking, the gangways and the staircases are as primitive to-day as they were two hundred years ago. The theatre is still built of inflammable material, the decorations of the auditorium are made up largely of wood, *carton-pierre*, curtains, and a score of other things that burn easily; to say nothing of the danger from the scene-dock and the stage, and above all, the traps and under-stage machinery, in which there is a whole forest of wood. Much has been done in London by the I.C.C.; but here again appears the danger from changing officers, and from popular instead of

departmental control, and with it the licensing power in the same hands as those which deal with the construction. This popular control causes a serious source of danger in other ways besides that of fire. If safety-regulations for every possible contingency were made, the present theatre would be like a beggar's garments, that show nothing of the original dress for patches. The spectator would no longer be able to see, or the actor to act, for rules and regulations. Artistic enjoyment would be at an end, and safety would still be unsecured. Here is a fundamental contradiction, and hence the question arises—Is it possible to satisfy the demands of art as fully as those of public safety?



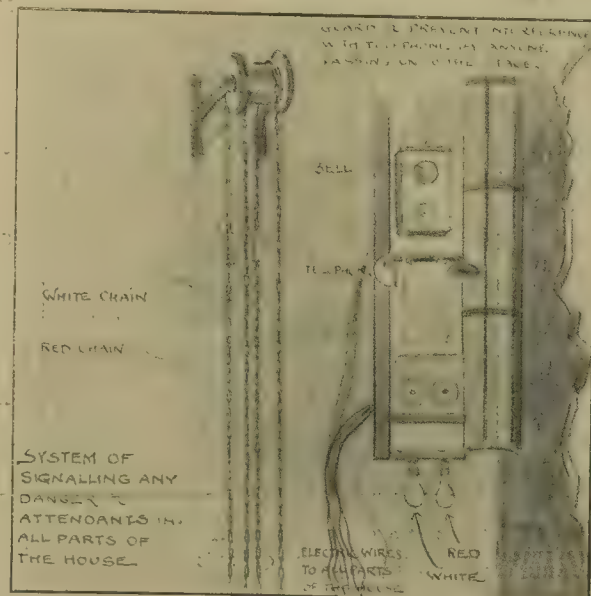
DEVICE FOR GIVING FREE EGRESS TO THE STREET.



VARIOUS SAFETY CONTRIVANCES IN LONDON THEATRES.



RELEASING GEAR FOR IRON FIRE-CURTAIN AND SPRINKLERS.



RED-LIGHT DANGER-SIGNALS TO ATTENDANTS THROUGHOUT THE HIPPODROME.

A MEASURE OF PUBLIC SAFETY IN ELIZABETHAN LONDON.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE



MEASURING SWORDS AT THE GATES OF LONDON BY ORDER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In days when tavern brawls were frequent and swords were out on the slightest provocation, common fairness demanded that the blades of chance combatants should be of equal length. In a sudden affray there would be no thought of measuring swords, so the authorities took the matter into their own hands at the City gates, where every gallant was liable to be challenged, and if the public official found any blade beyond thirty-six inches, the smith stood by to snap off the steel to the required length.

MONTE CARLO.

Hurrying from frost, snow, and fog, travellers step from the deck of the *Queen* into railway carriages, fitted with every modern comfort, awaiting them at Calais. A well-spread dinner, and then to bed, to wake on the following morning at Marseilles and catch sight of the clear blue sky with the sun shining brightly. Great-coats and wraps may be laid aside. It is hardly credible

with the geranium, with roses and verberna and heliotrope in full bloom, momentarily arrest the attention, and then Cannes is reached. Waving palm-trees and boughs laden with the golden fruit of the orange and lemon meet the eye, while the broad panorama of the Mediterranean opens out, showing the point of the famous Esterel, where all "save the spirit of man is divine." Cannes receives its tribute of visitors. A strong contingent is claimed by Nice,

of the tropical flora. There is the Casino, the Cercle des Etrangers, the winter resort of cosmopolitan rank and fashion, with the most varied attractions. There is everything to amuse, from the races at Nice to the sea-trips organised by the Hamburg-America Company between Nice and Genoa. The pigeon-shooting has already commenced, and when the important events are on the point of being discussed, the best shots from the Gun Club and Hurlingham



MONTE CARLO.

that such a radical change can have taken place within the brief period of one night. The fresh flowers meet one at Toulon; violets with the dew on them from Hyères, with the white narcissus and bundles of roses culled at early morn. A curious glance is cast at the labourer among the vines turning over the rich soil, wrapped in what would be termed winter garments, while the train rushes along with opened windows, its passengers exclaiming against any attempt to warm the carriages. Wayside stations, where hedgerows are planted

where a long halt is made, and then every available seat in the train is occupied by those who are bound for Monte Carlo, one of the marvels of the world, proving what taste and art can encompass when backed up by money. The once barren, rocky plateau of Monte Carlo has been transformed into a terrestrial paradise, with its fairy-like gardens, magnificent villas, palatial hotels, and the broad terraces overhanging the sea in the midst of the palm and the aloe, the date-tree, and the cactus, as well as the choicest specimens

will measure themselves with the Italians who come to Monte Carlo year after year, and have more than once won the classic items from a liberally drawn-up programme. With such attractions, to say nothing of those known to such as worship at the shrine of green cloth, no wonder that Monte Carlo has been styled the jewel of the Riviera, and has grown annually more and more in favour with the English and American visitor, who can bask in the sun in the midst of January, and gaze at a cloudless sky or a sea eternally blue.

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LADIES' PAGES.

Princess Alice of Albany has had a pretty thought in desiring to be married on the same date in the year as that on which the fortunate union of her illustrious grandparents, Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, was celebrated. If some luck lies in the date of a wedding (and how many people believe in this fancy is shown by the few weddings in May and during Lent), the 10th of February, on which commenced one of the most successful of marriages, should be accounted auspicious. Princess Alice's wedding is to be celebrated at Windsor, so that the people of London will not be witnesses of the "function." All the bridesmaids will be children, youthful relatives of the bride and bridegroom, whose ages will range from the slim girlhood of nearly thirteen of the Lady Alexandra Duff to the six-year-old prettiness of Princess Mary of Wales. The bride will be within a fortnight of her twenty-first birthday. Her aunt, the Queen-Dowager of Holland, is expected to be present. Those royal sisters, the Duchess of Albany and Queen Emma, have shared a somewhat sad fate in being widowed very early in life, and remaining in that condition out of a sense of duty to their children. We all know that the Duchess of Albany has been a devoted and wise mother; while the Dutch people so warmly appreciated the care and good judgment with which their Queen-Regent fulfilled her regal and maternal duties that on her daughter reaching the age to take the reins of government into her own hands, a public subscription raised the sum of £25,000 for presentation to the Queen-mother as a token of the nation's gratitude. Her Majesty applied the sum to the foundation of a memorial hospital.

Another wedding announced that will call out general sympathetic good wishes from many personally strangers is that of the Duke of Norfolk. Seventeen years' widowerhood is thus to be ended; and nearly the whole of the time was saddened by the state of health of the only child of the Duke's first marriage, for whose restoration his Grace made every effort with untiring hope until the lad's death a little while ago. The bride in this case is heir to the title of her father, Lord Herries, the old Scotch barony, created in the fifteenth century, being transmissible to daughters in default of sons. It seems somewhat incongruous that this detail almost certainly marks out a peerage as an old one—that is to say, that in the days when every peer was expected to be able to do actual personal service in the field in case of war, the title was so given that it might pass through a daughter if a son should fail to appear in any generation; whereas in our peaceful times, when a peer's service in person in war is both optional and unusual, peerages are granted to be confined to male descendants. The



A HANDSOME GOWN IN BLACK CRÉPE-DE-CHINE.

Duke of Fife's title was specially ordered by the late Queen to descend to his daughter if he should have no sons, and Viscount Wolsley's and Earl Roberts' peerages are also to be transmitted to their daughters; but the privilege of female succession, even in these cases, is to end with the first female descendants.

It is rather apropos to note that a member of the family of Baron Herries is the husband of the lady who continues at present the line of Sir Walter Scott. This gentleman, the Hon. Joseph Maxwell, upon his marriage with Scott's descendant, took the name of his wife in order to preserve the "Scotts of Abbotsford." There often seems a curious irony in the overmastering of human plans. Scott ruined his own fortunes in the effort to make himself the founder of a family: his vivid imagination was lighted up with a vision of sons of his line continuing his name through centuries to come as owners of the house and the land that he had gained by his talents. But both his sons died childless, and his daughter's one son died as a little boy; so that only a girl was left in the second generation descended from Scott, and she was the daughter of a daughter. Nor did it end there, for daughters have succeeded to Abbotsford ever since; and but for the fact that in each instance the husbands of Scott's female descendants have consented to take the family name of the builder of Abbotsford, that name would have been changed again and again.

Women's activities are varied indeed in the present day. A singular scene was witnessed in New York last month at the funeral service of Mrs. Harriett Maxwell Converse, whose life had been devoted to the service of the Red Indians. Her native name, given to her on her adoption by the Wolf Clan of the Seneca tribe of Indians, was "She who Watcheth over Us"—otherwise, "Gaie-wa-Noh." Delegates from the Six Nations were at the funeral services to the number of about fifty; and it is recorded that, however impassive the Indians of Fenimore Cooper's tales may have been depicted, these copper-coloured chiefs wept freely as they testified to the good that Mrs. Converse had accomplished for their people, and as they commended her to the Great Spirit's help on her journey through the spirit land. It will surprise many to hear that the delegates included several squaws, since the women always attend the great councils of their nations. They form a circle to themselves, sitting outside the circle of men, who debate all questions of State; but the women are not only allowed to speak if they feel that they have something important to say, but they act as a kind of second Chamber: the election of chiefs, and even the question of peace or war, or of the terms for making peace in a war, was always referred to their final sanction. This is certainly very remarkable, but the evidence seems good enough to make the fact certain. It was stated in a booklet issued under the Canadian Government's authority for the Paris Exhibition in 1899, by an educated



The Metrostyle is a pointer attached to the tempo lever of the Pianola, with which the performer follows a red line on the music-roll, in the first place penned by some great pianist, who thus records his idea of how the composition should be played.

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THE METROSTYLE PIANOLA.

What does the Metrostyle Pianola mean to you?

Much, if you are a lover of music, that most susceptible and pleasing of all arts.

But, if a wild, uncultured style of music satisfies your soul, any piano-player, any grinding musical box, is far too good for you.

The METROSTYLE PIANOLA is a medium for musical expression, infinitely rich in possibilities. It enables you to play the works of the great composers exactly as the foremost players of the day interpret them. Paderewski, or some other great virtuoso, may not be present in your room, but his knowledge of music, his genius of touch and expression, his wonderful command of the piano are yours for the time being.

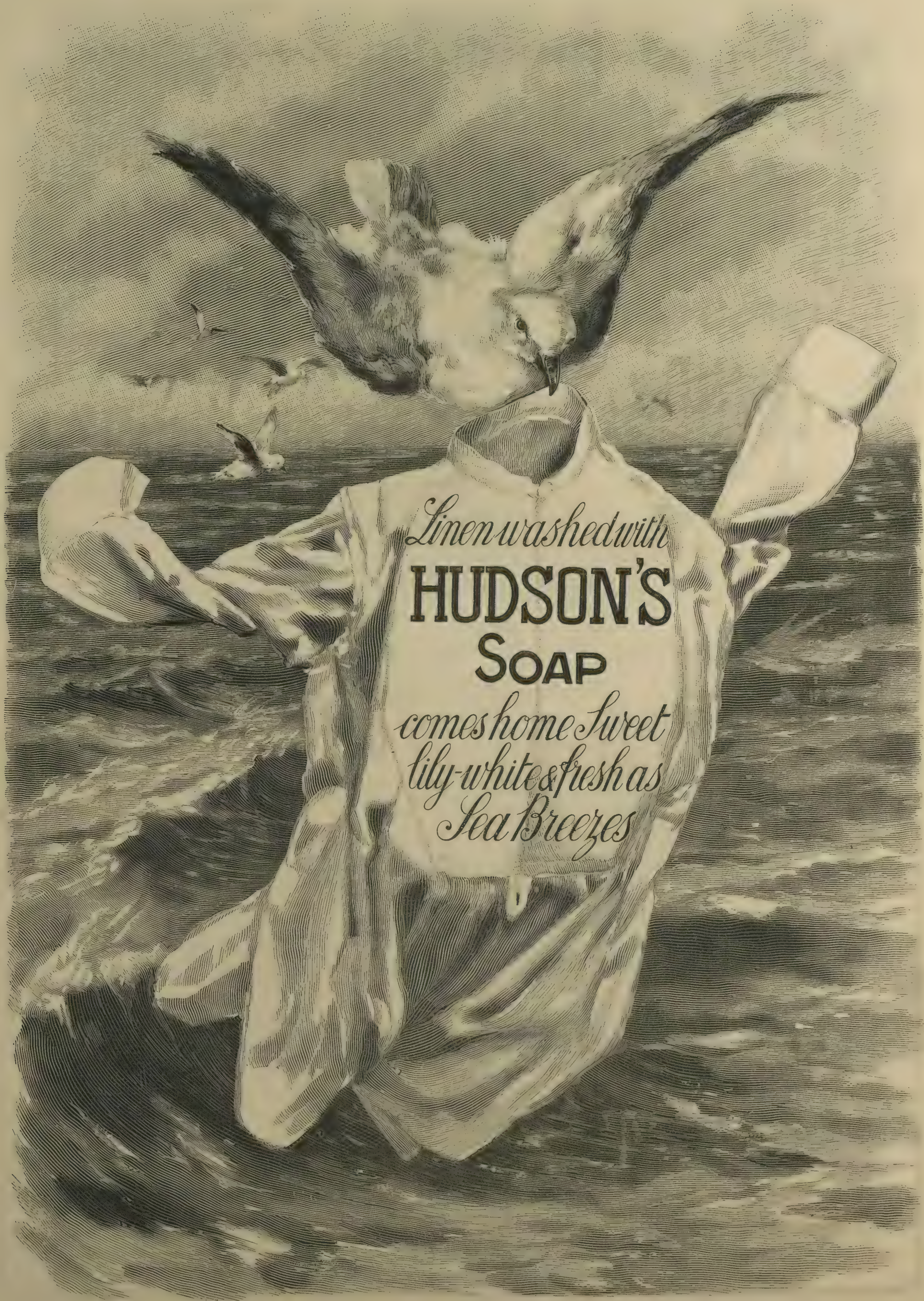
Such a statement would be uncanny were not its explanation so simple.

That is the "Marvel of the Metrostyle."

THE ORCHESTRELLE CO.,
AEOLIAN HALL,

135-6-7, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

In consequence of the great success of the Metrostyle Pianola we have for disposal, at considerably reduced prices, a number of Second-hand Pianolas (ordinary model) which have been taken in exchange.



Indian woman; and Mrs. Converse, who always herself attended the councils of the Senecas, the tribe which had adopted her, gave her friends the same information.

Where the rise in price of the finer furs will stop cannot be predicted. We have seen in the case of pearls that increasing scarcity does not by any means diminish the desire of extravagant women to possess them; but the baubles become more desirable as they become more rare and costly in proportion. The furs of the finer varieties become dearer each season as the ruthless hunting of the foreign animals that originally wear the soft skins reduces their numbers and the ease with which they are found and trapped. Sealskin is treble the price now that it was twenty years ago; and in the next decade it will probably double again in price. As with a necklace of pearls, however, the value of a fine fur garment depends to a great extent on the exact matching of the various items that compose the whole; and as the furs of animals vary as much as do our own faces (and how wonderful are the infinite varieties that Nature works out of the assemblage of one set of features!), it is a difficult and prolonged task for the furrier to obtain the perfect matching that is required to make a first-class garment. Ermine is the most fashionable of trimmings on darker furs this year; and it is allowed to combine with bands of galon, with embroideries, and even with sequined lace, in a manner that would only a few years ago have been much reprobated as in bad taste.

Children's frocks are perhaps as much in request as anything at this season. They should never be elaborately made after the picturesque "toddling" age is past. A "Kate Greenaway" satin gown and a grannie bonnet are charming for a little one of from three to five years old on full-dress occasions; but for the girl a little older, who already wants to take vigorous exercise, running up and down stairs, trundling her hoop in the garden, and so forth, a loose frock falling from the shoulders (which, of course, does not preclude a waistbelt), and so short as to be quite safe from catching the feet, is the best design. Gaiters are a capital institution for girls' wear in winter time. Those that are made of cloth and buttoned up are obviously the smartest; but for country walks or where a family of youngsters have to be attended to by a single-handed nurse, knitted woollen gaiters are very convenient, as they slip on easily. Velveteen is an excellent material for a child's afternoon dress, to put on when school is finished, and worn during the early evening, at which time most children are allowed to be seen for a while by their elders. With a lace collar added, a velveteen dress is an artistic costume, and the material neither crushes nor soils easily, while it is to be had in exquisite colourings.

Smocking at the yoke is the ideal way of forming the shaped shoulder portion of such frocks, and mothers who



A VISITING GOWN OF RUBY VELVET.

have not yet tried this most artistic and hygienic method of composing a small garment will have a good opportunity of doing so in the sale that began at Liberty's on Jan. 4, at their premises in Regent Street. The artistic character of their productions is well known, and it may fairly be said that they reintroduced smocking as an ornamentation on ladies' and children's dresses. There is a catalogue issued of the present sale, which will be sent on application; but as regards some of the special bargains, patterns are not available, as the articles will probably sell off too fast. There are ladies' costumes as well as children's included in the sale; tea-gowns in Liberty velveteens, Empire style evening dresses in Liberty satin and crêpe-de-Chine, and wool day gowns. Then there are, of course, materials of many varieties, from muslins to serges, and chiffons and collars and neckties of all sorts. Furnishing fabrics and some articles of furniture are also included in the sale catalogue.

One is surprised at the fact that novelty should be required in such a matter as a pattern in table-linen, but such is the case, and a last year's pattern can be bought for less money than a fresh design just out. Messrs. Walpole Brothers are Irish linen manufacturers, and in order to clear existing lines in their stock they offer a considerable reduction in price during their present sale. This firm are prepared to send samples on approval, at sale-time as well as otherwise, and their linens are of the very finest qualities, though they supply some as well of cheaper grades. So here is a capital chance of economically and easily replenishing the linen-chest, which is the good housewife's pride and pleasure. Ladies' underclothing, handkerchiefs, and all forms of linen and made-up productions are included in the sale catalogue. Messrs. Walpole's addresses are 89, New Bond Street, and High Street, Kensington.

It is both a pleasure and an advantage to enter places of business where it is hardly possible to "go wrong" in one's choice, since everything is so well arranged and purchased with such taste from the manufacturers, or manufactured at the home works of the business management, that all is artistic and good. Such a house is Messrs. Hampton's, Pall Mall, where a stock-taking sale is now in progress. Housewives in need of any sort of house furnishings or plenishings will see plenty of bargains noted down in the catalogue, or can go in person and hunt in the extensive show-rooms for the class of article they desire, with assurance of finding it artistic in kind and moderate in price. There is modern as well as antique furniture to be had, and draperies, equally with china and glass—in fact, every description of household plenishing. The catalogue will be sent on application. FILOMENA.

THE SUCCESSES OF ELIZABETH.



No. 5.

A Chat on Feeding the Invalid.

INVALID: Oh! One of your meat jellies.

ELIZABETH: Yes. I thought you would enjoy one to-day.

INVALID: I should think I should—they are so nice.

ELIZABETH: You're looking ever so much better since I gave you LEMCO—no wonder the doctor thinks so highly of it.

INVALID: Yes, and I feel much better.

ELIZABETH: I shall give you a new LEMCO delicacy every day. The doctor has told me of several delicious little strengthening dainties which I can easily make with it. He says, when people are getting better, and need strength, LEMCO is worth more than medicine.

LEMCO

The only genuine

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT.

HAMPTONS

GREAT ANNUAL CLEARANCE

JANUARY 4 to 30 1904

Reductions that secure to purchasers an unquestionable saving of from 5/- to 15/- in the £1 afford to all an opportunity that needs only to be known to be taken advantage of, and the enormous increase every year in the numbers who avail themselves of Hamptons' Great January Sale of

Furniture, Carpets, Curtains, Linens, Ironmongery, China and Glass, &c., of the highest class at Clearance Reductions

shows conclusively that purchasers find the saving they effect is always so great that this

Opportunity is one which they cannot afford to neglect.

Having acquired the famous Business (established 1759) and Manufactories of

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

of Messrs. JAS. COULSON & CO., of Lisburn, Ireland, and Pall Mall East, Hampton & Sons will, prior to remodelling the London premises—No. 11, Pall Mall East—

CLEAR AT HALF-PRICE

the Entire Stocks, consisting of Hand Loom Damask Table Cloths and Napkins, Hand Loom Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases, Huckabacks, Towels of every description, Glass Cloths, Tea Cloths, Kitchen Cloths, Dusters, and all Linens required for household use.

In addition to the above immense stock, Hampton & Sons will, at the same time, sell the whole of their own stocks of Table Damasks, Linen and Cotton Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Bed Coverlets of every description, Blankets, Down Quilts and Cushions, at their usual January clearance reductions.

3500 IRISH DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS of all sizes, to be cleared at half-price, as follows—

Size.	Each.	Size.	Each.
yds. yds.		yds. yds.	
2 by 2	Usual prices 6/9 8/9 12/9 16/9 18/9 20/-	3 by 2	Usual prices 22/6 26/9 32/6 38/6 46/6 54/6
Usual	3/11 4/11 6/9 8/11 9/11 10/9	Clearing	11/9 13/9 16/9 19/6 23/9 27/9
2 1/2 by 2	Usual " 8/9 10/6 12/9 16/9 20/- 26/-	Usual	26/6 30/- 36/6 42/- 50/- 60/-
Clearing	4/11 5/11 6/11 8/11 10/9 13/6	3 1/2 by 2 1/2	Clearing " 13/9 15/9 18/9 21/9 25/9 31/6
Usual	" " " " " " 10/9 22/6 30/-	Usual	" 30/- 36/6 42/- 48/6 54/6 66/-
3 by 2	Clearing " " " " " " 5/11 11/9 15/9	4 by 2 1/2	Clearing " 15/9 18/9 21/9 24/9 27/9 33/9
Usual	" " " " " " 16/9 22/9 26/9 32/6 38/6	Usual	" " " " " " 38/6 46/- 58/6 70/- 78/6
2 1/2 by 2 1/2	Clearing " " " " " " 8/11 11/9 13/9 16/9 19/9	4 1/2 by 2 1/2	Clearing " " " " " " 19/6 23/9 29/6 35/9 39/6

And many larger sizes at proportionate prices. Nearly all the medium and best Numbers are of Jas. Coulson & Co.'s own hand loom manufacture.

2250 DOZ. IRISH DAMASK SERVIETTES, in various sizes, to be cleared at half-price, as follows—

Size.	Doz.	Size.	Doz.
in. in.		in. in.	
20 by 20	Usual prices ... 6/6 8/9	27 by 27	Usual prices 28/9 32/6 36/- 42/- 47/6 52/6 60/-
Clearing	" " " " " " 3/11 4/11	Clearing	" 14/9 16/9 18/9 21/9 24/9 27/9 31/6
Usual	" " " " " " 10/9	20 by 30	Usual " " " " " " 10/-
22 by 22	Clearing " " " " " " 6/6	Clearing	" " " " " " 21/9
Usual	" " " " " " 12/9 15/9	27 by 31	Usual " " " " " " 63/-
2 1/2 by 2 1/2	Clearing " " " " " " 6/11 8/11	Clearing	" " " " " " 34/6
Usual	" " " " " " 18/6 20/- 22/6 24/6 26/- 28/6 32/6		
26 by 26	Clearing " 9/11 10/9 11/9 12/9 13/9 14/9 16/9		

The whole of the Stocks of Hemstitched and Linen and Lace Afternoon Tea Cloths, Sideboard Cloths, Tray and Carving Cloths, and Duchesse Covers, to be cleared at enormous reductions.



Not less advantageous are the bargains in other Departments, as specified below:

(a) Two Manufacturers' Stocks of English-made Axminster and one Manufacturer's Stock of best Wiltons at less than the cost of production.

For details, see Clearance Catalogue, G. A. 208, sent free.

(b) Enormous Stocks of Finest Quality Turkey and best quality Indian Carpets; also entire Shipments of Real Oriental Rugs—all reduced, and affording an actual saving of 20 to 45 per cent.

For details, see Clearance Catalogue, G. A. 208, sent free.

(c) Special purchases of Bed-Room Suites, Screens, Sideboards, Lace Curtains, and China and Glass, Ironmongery, and Electric Fittings, all being cleared at extraordinary reductions.

For details, see Clearance Catalogue, G. A. 208, sent free.

(d) Special purchases of various Manufacturers' Surplus Stocks of Tapestry Curtains, Tapestries, Taffetas, Chintzes, Cretonnes, Silks, and Table Covers, that will be cleared at 50 per cent. to 75 per cent. reductions.

For details, see Clearance Catalogue, G. A. 208, sent free.

A copy of the Illustrated Catalogue, G. A. 208, of this Sale, giving full details of the great Reductions at which all these high-class goods will be cleared, may be had post free, and should be secured at once by all who have occasion to make House Furnishing Purchases.

HAMPTON & SONS,

PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W. Ltd.,

PETER ROBINSON'S
OXFORD ST.

Illustrated Catalogue gratis on application.

WINTER SALE

NOW PROCEEDING.

LIBERAL REDUCTIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.



DONCASTER
Three-quarter length Jacket, in various shades of Scotch Tweeds, Yoke and Sleeves lined Silk. Sale price, 29/6.



Model A.

Extra Stout Moirette Petticoat, in Black and Colours, cut with deep Accordion-Pleated Flounce, trimmed Tucks. Original price, 12/11; Sale price, 9/11.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO LETTER ORDERS.

(MAPPIN BROS. INCORPORATED.)

Mappin & Webb

Ltd.

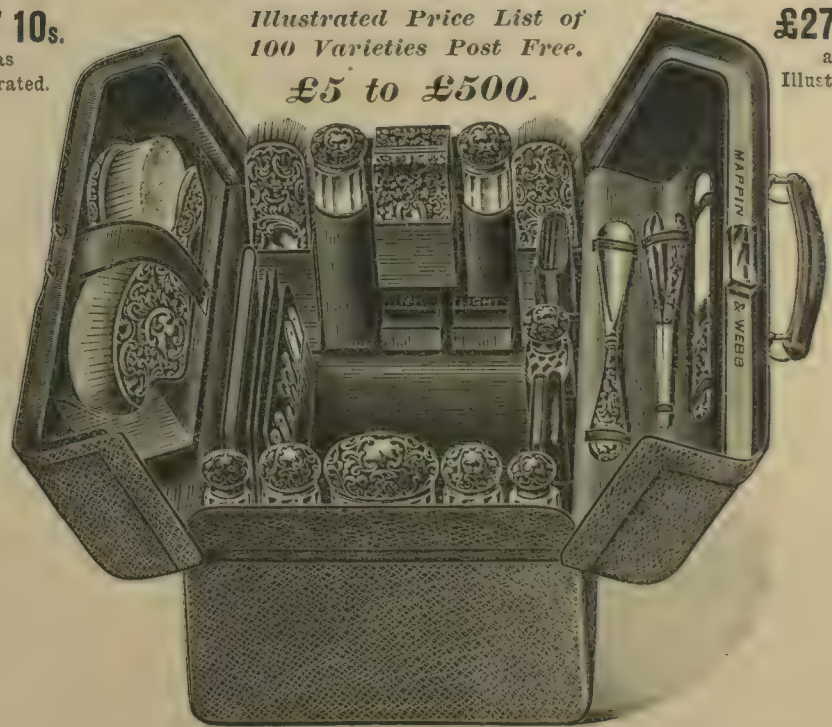
FITTED TRAVELLING BAGS.

£27 10s. as Illustrated.

Illustrated Price List of 100 Varieties Post Free.

£5 to £500.

£27 10s. as Illustrated.



The "Trouville" Bag, in Finest Morocco Leather, completely fitted with richly chased Sterling Silver Requisites, as Illustrated, £27 10s.

London Show Rooms: 158-162, OXFORD STREET, WEST.
220, REGENT STREET, WEST.
2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST., E.C.

MANUFACTORY—The Royal Works, SHEFFIELD.

MANCHESTER—24-26, St. Ann's Square.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Churchmen in the North of England are mourning the death of Canon Martin, Archdeacon of Lindisfarne, which occurred at Eglington Vicarage. Canon Martin was greatly beloved in his rural parish, and his loss will be felt over the whole of the diocese. At the time of his appointment to the Archdeaconry, he was Vicar of Newcastle, a position he occupied for eleven years.

Dr. Collins will be consecrated as Bishop of Gibraltar at the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, Jan. 25, in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Mason, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, is to preach the sermon.

The Bishop of St. Albans spent Christmas on the Continent. He has been working very hard, and was advised by his doctor to seek a short rest and change. He returns next week to his home at Chigwell.

The Rev. A. W. Hulton, Rector of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, has introduced a habit of blue for the members of his choir, with black cape and cuffs. It is the costume of an Italian fraternity of the fifteenth century, and has a picturesque effect.

Mottoes for the New Year have been issued by the clergy in all branches of the Church of England. Some of these motto-cards are beautifully designed and suitable for framing. The Bishop of Ripon's motto for 1904 is "Christ in you the hope of glory." The Bishop of London has not as yet suggested any motto-text.

Canon Horsley has returned to his work at St. Peter's, Walworth, and is in excellent health after his holiday

at Majorca. In a letter written immediately after he came back, he mentioned that Palma di Majorca, though a seaport and a garrison town, is remarkable for its sobriety. During the fortnight of his visit he found no sign of intemperance. On returning home he

Lugard, as the Government strongly discourages such efforts in Mohammedan centres. The C.M.S. have, however, a medical mission at their headquarters on the Niger. Three of their missionaries arrived in Christmas week in the Sokoto country, where they will join the other medical representatives of the society. Bishop Tugwell made an attempt to open communication with the Emir of Kano, but was met by a decided refusal.

The Rev. Ravenscroft Stewart has been instituted Canon of Bristol Cathedral in succession to Canon Ainger, Master of the Temple, who resigned owing to advancing years. The new dignitary is a Scotsman. He has only held one curacy, that of Bakewell, Derbyshire, where he made the acquaintance of the Duke of Rutland, who has been his lifelong friend. He afterwards became Rector of Pleaseley, and is now Vicar of All Saints', Ennismore Gardens, a regular attendant at which is the Lord Chancellor, who appointed him to the vacant canonry at Bristol. V.

The Orient-Pacific Line notifies a number of cruises, including one to the West India Islands, the Holy Land and Egypt, Greece and Turkey, the South of Spain, and Morocco, and has issued a leaflet giving full details as to fares, routes, etc. Those who wish to avoid the winter in this country, or who, after enduring it, wish to recoup, should write to Messrs. F. Green and Co., or Messrs. Anderson, Anderson, and Co., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, E.C., for this programme.



FIREWORKS AT THE SCENE OF A FORMER GREAT FIRE: THE OPENING OF THE BROOKLYN SUSPENSION BRIDGE.
The Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, one of the widest spans in the world, was seriously damaged by fire during its construction, and had to be rebuilt practically from the beginning.

discovered a half-drunk woman waiting on his doorstep, and was kept awake by the noises connected with the closing of the Walworth public-houses.

The Church Missionary Society finds that there is no prospect at present of beginning work at Kano, the Mohammedan town which was lately captured by Sir F.

The two Sauces of To-Day

"CHEF"

SAUCE



CHEF SAUCE

is a rich fruity Sauce of recent introduction; it will be found unequalled with all kinds of hot and cold Joints, Cutlets, Curries, &c.

LAZENBY'S

SAUCE



LAZENBY'S SAUCE

has for more than 100 years been considered the finest and most delicate Sauce for all kinds of Fish, Game, Steaks, &c.

Prepared by
E. Lazenby & Son, Ltd.
18 Trinity Street, London,
S.E.

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

SCRUBB'S CLOUDY FLUID **AMMONIA**

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.

Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.

Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.

Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.

Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.

Invigorating in Hot Climates.

Restores the Colour to Carpets.

Cleans Plate and Jewellery.

Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, Etc.

None Genuine without the Signature of Scrubb & Co. on each Bottle.

SCRUBB & CO., LTD., GUILDFORD ST., LONDON, S.E.



DEWAR'S
"White Label"

THE WHISKY OF
ASSURED OLD AGE

A MESS CENTREPIECE.

The centrepiece which we illustrate has been presented to the 4th Battalion Cheshire Regiment by officers who served in South Africa. It was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street. The names of officers who served in South Africa are engraved on plates on either end of the pedestal. The figures represent an officer and N.C.O. respectively in khaki uniform.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated Aug. 4, 1903), to deal with her English property only, of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Schenley, of 14, Prince's Gate, Hyde Park, who died on Nov. 4, have been proved by George Alfred Courtenay Schenley, the son, Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Augustus Gore, and Henry Morley Hemsley, the executors, the value of the estate being £839,583. The testatrix gives £500 each, and her shares in the Ceara Company to her six daughters; £60,000 each, in trust, for her daughters the Hon. Elizabeth Pole Harbord, Jane Inglis Crofton, and Henrietta Agnes Ridley; £40,000, in trust, for each of her daughters Melesina Alice Gore, Richmond Emeline Randolph, and Hermione



A MESS CENTREPIECE FOR THE 4TH BATTALION CHESHIRE REGIMENT.

Octavia Courtenay Schenley; £5000 each to her grandsons Edward Harbord and Geoffrey Hugh Schenley Crofton; the income for life from £5000 to Fanny Inglis Dick; £500 to Frederick Augustus Gore; £1000 to Henry Morley Hemsley; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property in England she leaves to her son. By another will (dated July 6, 1898) for the disposal of her estate in the United States of America, she directs her executors there to realise the property and remit to the English executors, and four tenths thereof are to be held, in trust, for her son and one tenth each, in trust, for her six daughters.

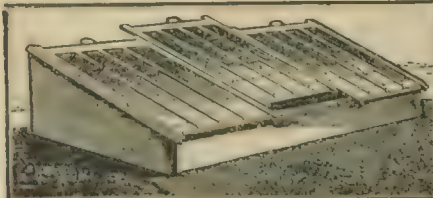
The will (dated Aug. 3, 1900), with a codicil (dated May 4, 1903), of Mr. Frederick Whittaker Scott, of South Cliffe, Reddish, Lancashire, who died on Oct. 22, was proved on Dec. 22 by Frederick Alfred Scott and Reginald Scott, the sons, and Richard Rothwell Forshaw, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £238,461. The testator gives to his wife, Mrs. Sarah Scott, £500, and while she remains his widow an annuity of £750, and the use and enjoyment of South Cliffe and the effects therein; and to Richard Rothwell Forshaw £250. The residue of his property he leaves to his children as tenants in common.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1897), with a codicil (dated March 15, 1902),

BOULTON & PAUL LTD.,
HORTICULTURAL BUILDERS, NORWICH.

DESIGNS AND ESTIMATES SUBMITTED.

No. 75.—MELON AND CUCUMBER FRAME.



1 ft. by 6 ft. ...	£1 17 0	12 ft. by 6 ft. ...	£3 10 0
8 ft. by 6 ft. ...	2 18 0	10 ft. by 6 ft. ...	5 0 0

GARDEN FRAMES IN GREAT VARIETY.

No. 77.—VIOLET FRAME, 6 ft. by 4 ft., { 31s. 6d.
similar to No. 75, with Two Lights ... }

CARRIAGE PAID on orders of 40s. value to most Goods Stations in England and Wales.

A PRIZE FOR YOU!

COMPETITION FOR LADIES ONLY

The Proprietors of WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP
48, SOUTHWARK STREET, LONDON, S.E.,

Offer PRIZES of £10, £5 and £2

for the best designs of a Coverlet for a Child's Cot. They may be in pencil, ink, or colour, and must be sent to above address on or before March 1st, 1904, accompanied by a wrapper of a 4d. Tablet of their well-known Soap, which is THE Nursery Soap. Envelopes should be marked "Competition W."

Mrs. Ada S. Ballin, the Editress of "Baby," the Mother's Magazine, "Womanhood," &c., has kindly consented to act as judge.

The result will be advertised in the "Daily Express," on Monday, March 21st, 1904.

DEAFNESS



And HEAD NOISES Relieved by Using WILSON'S

COMMON-SENSE EAR-DRUMS.

A New Scientific Invention, entirely different in construction from all other devices. Assist the deaf who all other devices fail and where medical skill has given no relief. They are soft, comfortable, and have no wire or string attachment.

Write for pamphlet. Mention this Paper.
WILSON EAR-DRUM CO.

Drum in Position. D. H. WILSON, 59, South Bridge, EDINBURGH.

The Deaf Hear

Deaf Persons need no longer despair. Out of the mass of failures has come a genuine success. Head noises can be cured and the deaf made to hear so effectively that they wonder if they really were deaf. Particulars of a startling discovery, based upon the science of vibration, that will assist all persons suffering from deafness, fully described.

FREE

By sending your name and address to THE MURRAY COMPANY, 39, CENTURY HOUSE, REGENT ST., LONDON, W., you will receive a full description of this remarkable method, which will enable you to restore your hearing at a very slight expense. The description is posted to you free, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can obtain relief. It will pay you to write to-day. Don't neglect to do so.

THOMAS TURNER & CO. MAKE THEIR OWN STEEL.

EXCURE RAZOR

GUARANTEED PERFECT
THOMAS TURNER & CO. MAKE THEIR OWN STEEL
IVORY 6/6
BLACK 4s. 6d.

Hand Forged. Extra Hollow Ground. Carefully Set. Guaranteed Perfect. See "Excure" on Shank.
Send for Free List of Cases. From all Dealers, or write direct to Makers, T. TURNER & CO., Suffolk Works, Sheffield, who will supply through nearest Agent. Ask for "Excure" Pocket and Table Cutlery.

"Mamma's
shining
kettle



reflects
her
delight."

Everything bright and beautiful!

Ah! You know how mother likes everything perfectly bright. Well, this is the polish for her. It does neither scratch nor stain.

but leaves only a beautiful, lasting polished effect behind it. Just try some, will you? It is in tins at 2d. and 4d.

Of all Stores, Grocers, Oilmen, and Bootmakers.

Makers—CHISWICK SOAP CO., LONDON, W.

KOHLE'S
SWISS MILK
CHOCOLATE

A high-class Milk-Chocolate sold at the same price as ordinary kinds. A Pure and Delicious Sweetmeat.

Sold by all Confectioners in 1d., 2d., and 3d. Cakes, and in Boxes of Croquettes.

Insist upon having a Blue Wrapper.

THE HIGH-CLASS "ARDATH" SMOKING MIXTURE

IS A BLEND OF THE VERY CHOICEST TOBACCOS OBTAINABLE

Besides the usual packing, now also issued in our New Patent Vacuum Tins, which mode of packing retains the magnificent flavour of the Tobacco for any length of time.

In Three Strengths—MILD, MEDIUM (Standard Strength), FULL.

Patent
Vacuum Tin,

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. weight.



Price

2/4

per $\frac{1}{4}$ lb.

SOLD BY ALL GOOD-CLASS TOBACCONISTS.

If any difficulty in obtaining, please write to—

Manufacturers: ARDATH TOBACCO CO., London, E.C.

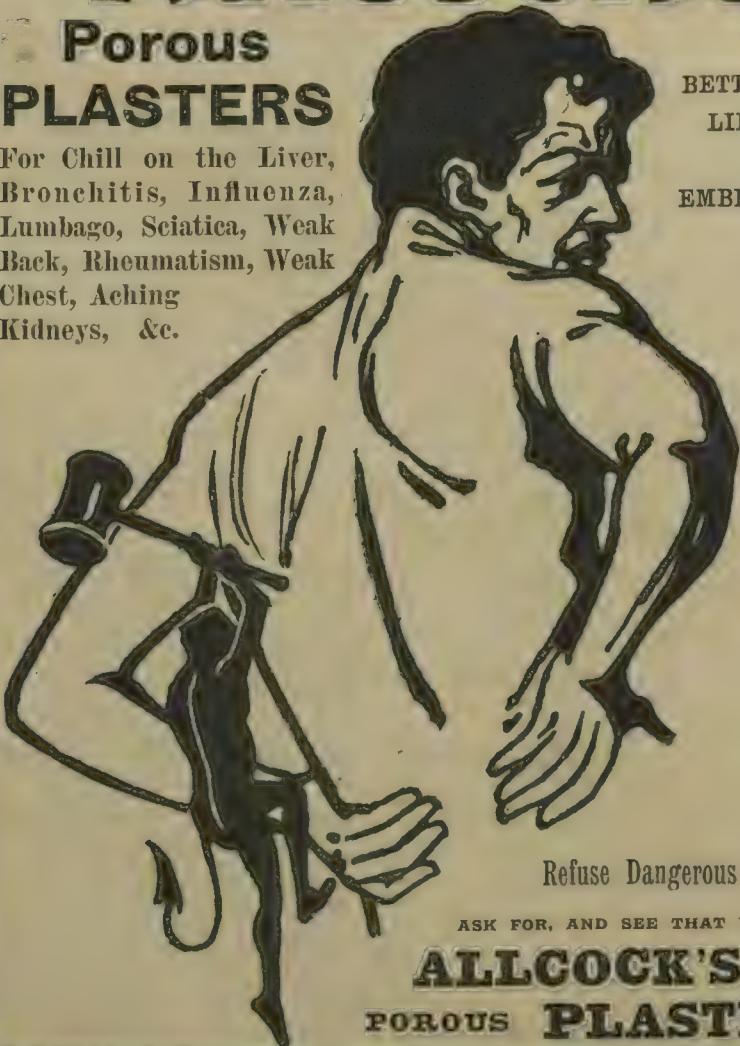
OH! THAT BACKACHE

Nine times out of ten it's caused by Congestion. An ALLCOCK'S will stop it.

Allcock's Porous PLASTERS

For Chill on the Liver,
Bronchitis, Influenza,
Lumbago, Sciatica, Weak
Back, Rheumatism, Weak
Chest, Aching
Kidneys, &c.

BETTER THAN
LINIMENTS
AND
EMBROCATIONS.



A remedy
of over
50 years'
standing.
Prescribed
by
physicians,
and sold
by
Chemists
in every
part of
the
civilised
world.

Refuse Dangerous Substitutes.

ASK FOR, AND SEE THAT YOU GET

**ALLCOCK'S
POROUS PLASTERS.**

Registered Nos.,
342,186/7.

FOX'S PATENT SPIRAL PUTTEES

Are so shaped as to Wind on Spirally from Ankle to Knee and to Fit Closely to the Leg with Even Pressure Without any Turns or Twists.

Made in Two Weights, "HEAVY" and "LIGHT," and in a Variety of Colours. Shade Cards on Application.

The Spat Puttee has been adopted by the War Office for Officers' wear.

The "HEAVY" Weight or "REGULATION" Quality is the same as now supplied to His Majesty's Government.

NO MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED. WILL FIT ANY LEG. MADE OF ALL WOOL.
A MOST COMFORTABLE SUPPORT TO THE LEG.

For Rough Hard Wear, no Leg Covering has ever been Invented Equal to the "PUTTEE."

Can be Worn under Trousers to Keep the Leg Dry in Wet or Snow.

Can be Used with Shoes and With or Without Stockings.

Recommended for Rheumatism and Varicose Veins.

PRICE PER PAIR. **10/6** EITHER WEIGHT.
WITH SPATS.

PRICE PER PAIR. **6/-** EITHER WEIGHT.
WITHOUT SPATS.

FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN.

LIGHT WEIGHT.
Per Pair.
With Spats - 7/6
Without Spats - 5/-
Send Size of Boot.

The Warmest and most Comfortable Gaiter yet invented.



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of Miss Arabella Eccles, of Farringdon House, High-bury Hill, who died on Oct. 27, has been proved by Gregory William Eccles, Arthur Henry Caesar, and William Robert Peacey, the value of the estate amounting to £121,751. The testatrix gives her house and furniture and £2000 each to her nieces Arabella Peacey and Margaret Ivens; £2000 each to Arabella Jeffeson, William Horace Eccles, Gregory William Eccles, Yvon Richard Eccles, and Dorset Eccles; £4000 to Mary and Arabella Eccles; £2000 to her sister-in-law, Mrs. Sophia Eccles; £7000 each to Edith Mary Eccles and Amy Sophia Eccles; £700 to Arthur Henry Caesar; and many other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves, in trust, for her two nieces, Arabella Peacey and Margaret Ivens.

The will (dated July 5, 1895), with a codicil (dated March 27, 1901), of Mr. Siegmund Loewe, of 3, Eaton Square, S.W., who died on Nov. 24, was proved on

Dec. 23 by Mrs. Rebecca Elizabeth Loewe, the widow, and George William Newall, two of the executors, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £113,285. The testator leaves all his property, in trust, for his wife during widowhood, or one third thereof should she again marry, and subject thereto for his children.

The will (dated Feb. 11, 1895), with four codicils (dated Dec. 1, 1896; June 29, 1898; April 11, 1901; and Oct. 3, 1902), of Sir Charles Nicholson, Bart., of The Grange, Totteridge, who died on Nov. 8, was proved on Dec. 19 by Dame Sarah Elizabeth Nicholson, the widow, Sir Charles Archibald Nicholson, the son, Allan Campbell, and Antony Foxcroft Nussey, the value of the estate being £87,810. The testator gives £1000, the household effects, and all his real estate in Queens-land to his wife; £200 per annum to his son Charles Archibald; his shares in the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company, and in the British

and American Mortgage Company, not fully paid up, to his sons Archibald Keightley and Sydney Hugo; 500 £10 shares in the British and American Mortgage Company to his son Archibald Keightley; and £100 each to Allan Campbell and Antony Foxcroft Nussey. He settles the Grange estate, subject to his widow having the use thereof for life, and also the proceeds of the sale of his Essex property, on his son Charles Archibald. The residue of his property he leaves to Lady Nicholson, for life, and then as she shall appoint to his sons.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1903), with a codicil (of Feb. 19 following), of Henry Molyneux, Lord Wynford, of 7, Connaught Square, Hyde Park, who died on Oct. 28, was proved on Dec. 15 by George, Lord Wynford, and Richard Woolcombe, the executors, the value of the estate being £60,484. The testator gives £50 each to his executors, and legacies to servants; and subject thereto, leaves all his property, in trust,

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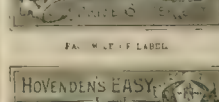
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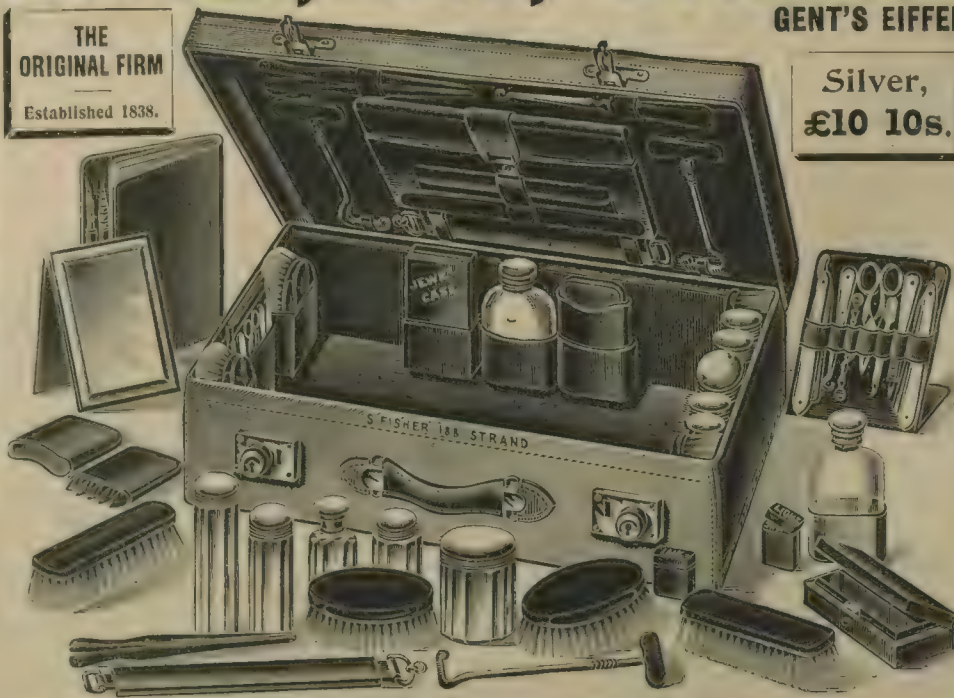
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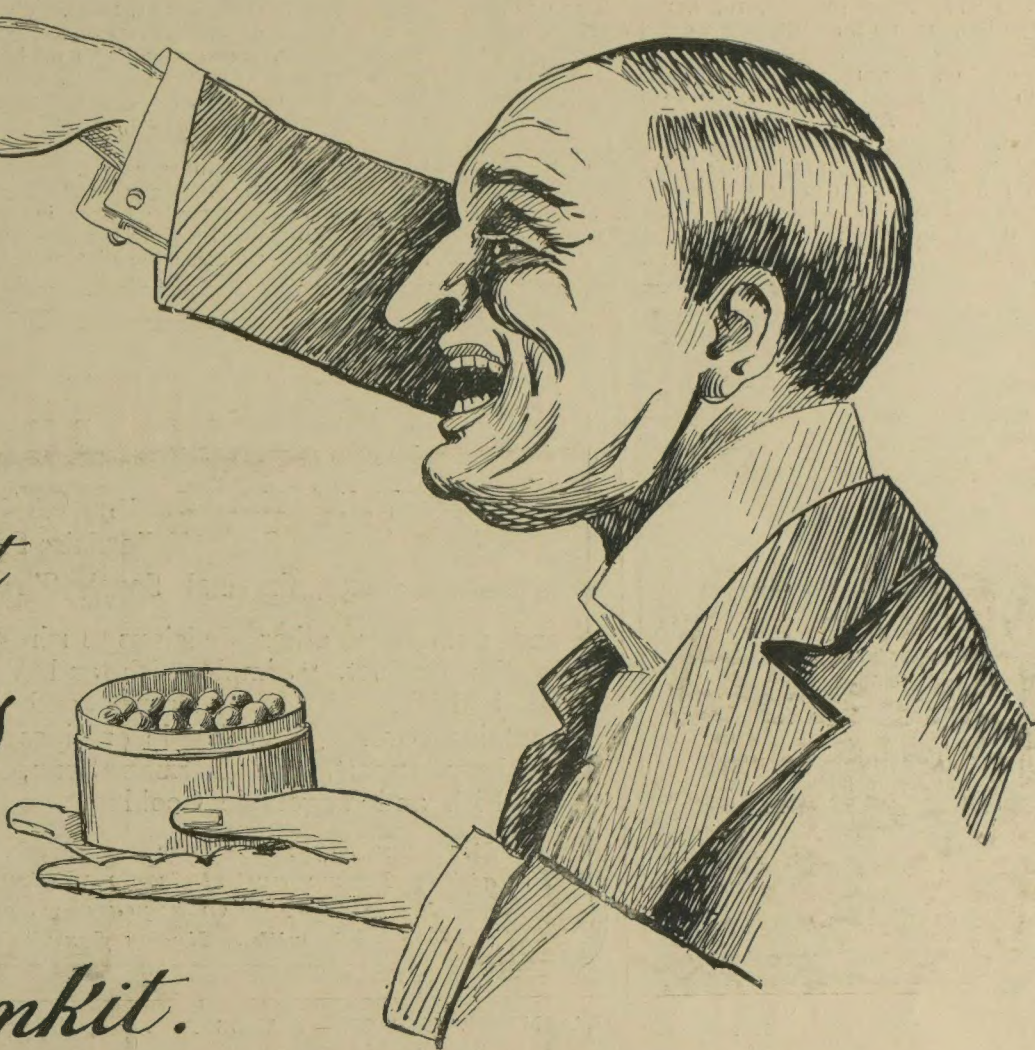
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Some wad eat
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But we hae meat
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Sae **Beecham's
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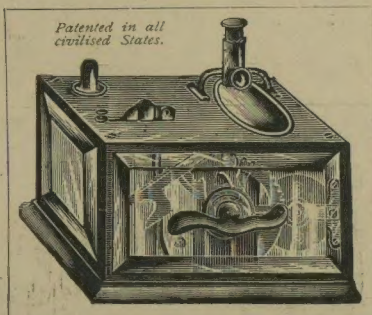
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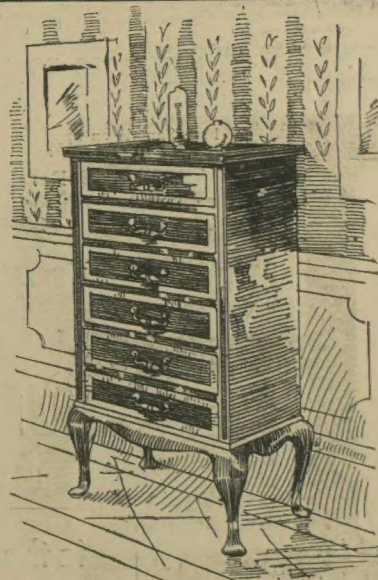
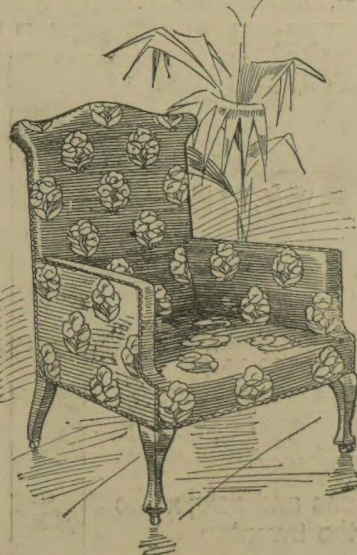
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for his niece, Muriel Best, for life, and then as she shall appoint to her children.

The will (dated June 30, 1877), with three codicils (dated Jan. 23, 1886, and March 30 and Aug. 28, 1903), of Sir Robert Martin Craven, of Albion Street, Hull, who died on Nov. 15, was proved on Dec. 16 by Mrs. Edith Annie Bilson and Mrs. Grace Ethel Brochner, the daughters, Arthur Rollit, and Thomas Frederic Farrell, the executors, the value of the estate being £40,492. The testator gives to the Hull Royal Infirmary, should he have no son following his profession, his pathological specimens; £4000, in trust, for his son Robert Martin; the income from £1500 to his son-in-law Walter Warner, while a widower, and a few small

legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, except his son Robert Martin.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1901), with a codicil (dated May 7, 1903), of Mr. John Callcott Horsley, R.A., of 1, High Row, Kensington, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Dec. 21 by Walter Charles Horsley and Gerald Callcott Horsley, the sons, and Arthur James Davidson, the value of the estate being £22,012 9s. 2d. The testator gives £50 and part of the household furniture to his wife; his palettes, paints, easels, etc., to his son Walter Charles; and £20 to his gardener, George Wickham. The residue of his property he leaves, in trust, for his wife, and on her decease he gives his property at Willesley to his son Walter Charles; the picture of William Horsley,

Mus. Bac., by William Owen, R.A., to the National Portrait Gallery, and four twelfths of the ultimate residue to his son Walter Charles, three twelfths to his daughter Fanny Marion Whitelegge, two twelfths each to his son Gerald and his daughter Mrs. Rosamund Brunel Gotch, and one twelfth to his son Sir Victor Alexander Haden Horsley.

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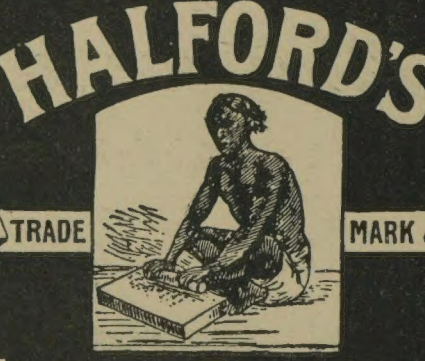
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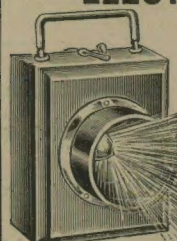
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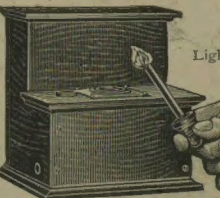
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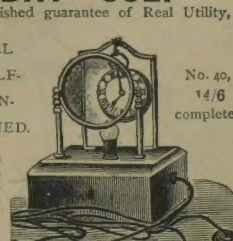
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